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JUNE 7, 1965 35 CENTS

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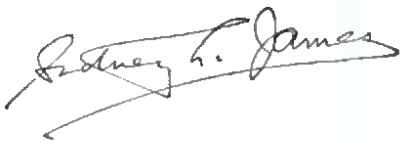
TOUGHEST TOURNAMENT in golf is the U.S. Open. Jack Nicklaus assesses the course, color photographs catch the mood and Al Wright introduces the man who runs it.

GRANDEST JEWEL in the Triple Crown for Thoroughbreds is the Belmont, this year billed as a family affair between two superb sons of Ribot —Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan.

72 HOURS OF TERROR befell a group of eastern mountaineers who set out on a simple holiday climb in the Tetons. A two-part series recounts their tale of madness and death.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The heavily muscled young man moved quickly about the Lewiston ring while photographers snapped his picture over and over and a horde of kids waited impatiently outside the ropes. Finally the young man stepped out through the ropes and 75 times he signed the autograph books popping up around him like dandelions. He wrote, "Best wishes, Ted Stephney."

"Ted Stephney?" one of the boys asked. "Aren't you a fighter?"

"Not now," said Ted. "I retired."

Ted Stephney (New York PAL, circa 1950), is now an editorial assistant in our picture department and he was in the ring at Lewiston to help our photographers check their focus and exposures preparatory to the Clay-Liston fight the following night. And it is Ted Stephney, along with a lot of others, who is responsible for the first live-action color pictures of that event, beginning with this week's cover and extending through the four-page layout that opens with the unusual fisheye photograph on page 49. To produce this kind of fast-closing color while satisfying the deadlines that our Chicago engraving plant imposes involves the kind of controlled furor that keeps a weekly news magazine both weekly and newsy.

Besides Stephney there were in Maine eight photographers (five from SI, three from LIFE), a crew of production specialists, art and photo editors and a chartered twin-engined Cessna standing by. Weeks in advance a special grid of two-inch pipe, 20 feet long, had been constructed to hold our strobe lights above the ring, and 34 electronic flash condensers were set to trigger the strobes. Ten of these units had been borrowed from Roosevelt Raceway, which gave up all but its finish light to help us shed some on Clay's big punch. By midnight Tuesday, Deputy Picture Editor George Bloodgood was on his way to New York in the Cessna, film in hand, and by 9 a.m. Wednesday morning a selection had been made from more than 2,200 color transparencies. Layouts were completed by noon, and at 3 p.m. Wednesday the pictures were on a flight to Chicago.

What made last week particularly unusual, however, was that it not only began with a deadline on the Clay-Liston color but ended with a superdeadline on Monday's Indianapolis 500. Our production schedule is geared to the big weekend events; normally we close out the magazine on Sunday night and send the last copy to the printers early Monday morning. Occasionally, however, a Monday event is important enough to demand inclusion in the current issue, and the big race at Indy fell into that category this year.

The race began at 11 a.m. and was not completed until after 2 o'clock that afternoon. This meant chartering two helicopters to get the black-and-white pictures to the Indianapolis airport, where a three-man team of photographic, art and production people hoarded a chartered flight. In Chicago they joined another group standing by to produce engravings by midnight. When press start-up time arrived at 6 a.m. on Tuesday the weekly miracle had occurred: pictures and words on the big fight and the big race were somehow all neatly locked on the press, ready to roll.



CHAMP AND TED STEPHNEY

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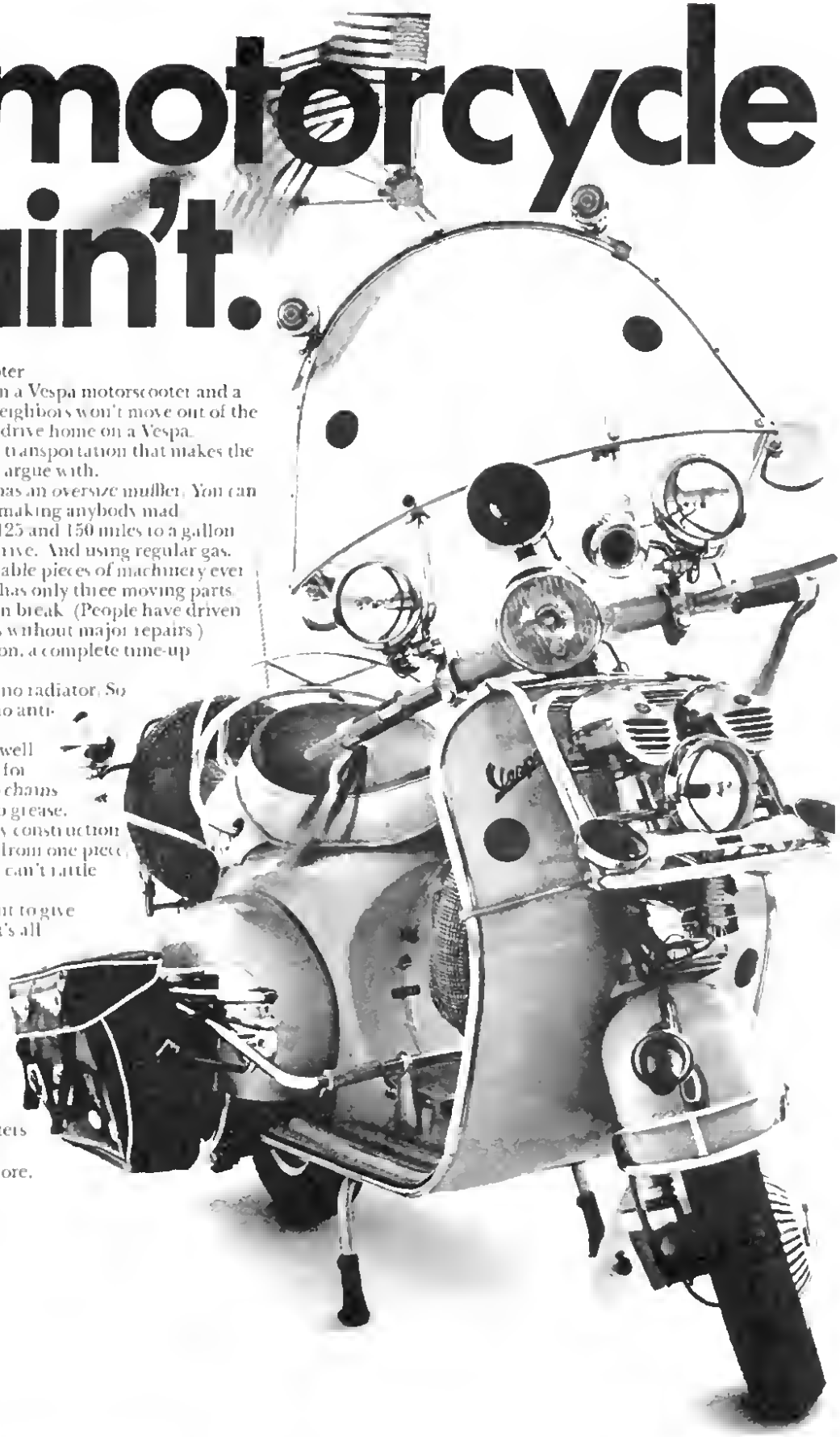
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But then, as we said before, a motorcycle it ain't.

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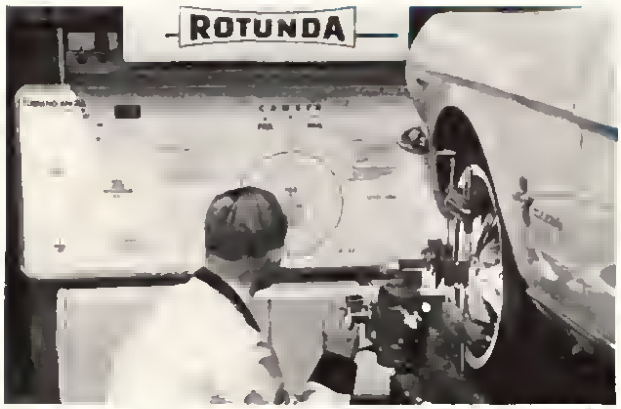
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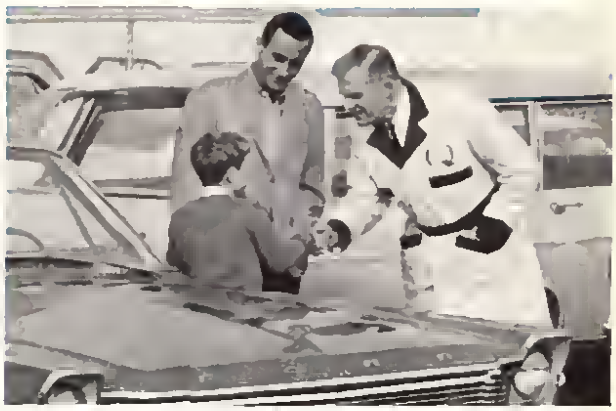


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SCORECARD

THE TRUE PICTURE

The handling of the Clay-Liston fight in Lewiston, Me. was, in a word, bush; its coverage by much of the press, TV and radio has verged on the hysterical.

Many of those watching the fight in the arena failed to see the short, fast right to the jaw that nailed Liston, and among them were numerous reporters. But when a reporter does not get a good look at something that happens he is supposed to go out and question someone who did. Instead of which, in this case, a number of reporters either wrote the first and most sensational thing that came into their heads, or they wrote in a way they thought would please the people who had made Liston the sentimental favorite, or they twisted the facts to justify their own mistaken prefight pick.

Television was no better. With a chance to provide more than half a million closed-circuit viewers with the best seat in the house, TV's unimaginative camera placement was almost guaranteed to shut off the punching action of both men except when they were broadside to the camera. Unfortunately, at the moment of the knockout, Liston's back and head virtually obliterated Clay's right. This led many viewers to jump to the conclusion that there had been no action, no punch. And if someone who saw the punch with his own eyes tried to convince one of these viewers he was apt to be met with the unbelieving stare reserved for those who foolishly challenge Article 1, Section I of the New Faith: "If it ain't on TV, it ain't so."

As for the radio broadcast of the fight, it can be briefly dismissed as merely unintelligible.

Of course, a predictable assortment of publicity seekers, nuts and opportunistic politicians quickly got into the act, one as badly informed as another. Those who previously had wanted abolition of boxing as being too brutal now want it outlawed because the Clay-Liston affray proved boxing too soft. Ignorant and pompous statements fill the air between Gene Tunney and the halls of Congress.

We find much of the reaction to the fight more depressing than the official blunders in the Lewiston ring.

WHEE!

Skateboarders in San Diego have found the dream course. It is the ramp of an 11-story auto-park building, and the building is equipped with an elevator for the return trip, just like a ski lift. The only trouble is that the operators of the auto park do not welcome skateboarders, who are thrown out on sight. Says one ejected skateboard enthusiast: "They shouldn't let cars in there. It's too good for them."

ULTIMATUM

The Soviet Union, which has handed out ultimatums of its own in years gone by, got one handed to its tennis team late last week. The trouble began earlier in the week at the French tennis championships where two Soviet players, Tomas Lejus and Anna Dmitrieva, acted disgracefully to avoid meeting South Africans. Their purpose was protest against South Africa's racial policy, but in the manner of it the Russians only succeeded in advertising the flaws in their own society.

Lejus played so poorly in a match against Bill Hoogs of the U.S. that it was obvious he was trying to throw it. The crowd hooed angrily and Lejus reversed his form and won. Then he promptly excused himself from meeting South Africa's Cliff Drysdale on the grounds he had hurt his ankle. Miss Dmitrieva was more forthright. She simply threw her match to Australian Fay Tayne in straight sets to avoid playing South Africa's Annette Van Zyl. The fakery was so outrageous that U.S.S.R. Team Manager Simon Belitz-Geiman showed actual fear when asked point-blank if the orders for such shenanigans came from his government. "You should not ask me that question," he mumbled to a reporter.

Thirty-six top international tennis players, appalled by the Russian performances, petitioned Wimbledon not to permit the Russians to play there later this month unless they promised to play tennis, not politics. Wimbledon officials promptly forwarded the ultimatum to Belitz-Geiman. The Soviet manager said he will answer by the end of this week. He needs the time, he explained, to seek guidance from Moscow.

ARMS AND THE MAN

Eddie Fisher, the White Sox relief pitcher, has in the past distinguished himself by a remarkable ability to imitate Donald Duck (*page 26*). Since there is a limit to the pinnacles to which one can aspire —even with the most perfect quack— Fisher has now found himself a new gambit: he is the major leagues' first arm-wrestling manager. His promotion is his teammate, Dave Nicholson, the strong-boy outfielder who has been arm wrestling ever since he was 14 "when we used to hang around the restaurant down home."

The arm-wrestling championship of the majors was, Fisher decided, vacant. There was scattered support for Dick Stuart of the Phillies, but Stuart says he is retired. He abandoned the sport in 1961 after a particularly strenuous evening gave him a sore arm which, he



intimated, affected his fielding. With Stuart out of the picture, Fisher has challenged First Baseman Ken Harrelson of the A's to meet Nicholson— whom he has proclaimed champ. Harrelson wrestles only when the mood is on him, but he just might pick up the challenge when the two teams play next in Kansas City. He figures that he has been in 300 to 400 matches, from locker rooms to bar rooms, and the only loss

continued

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he has suffered in his career was to a pro football player, 270-pound Curt Merz of the Kansas City Chiefs. Last winter, while playing ball in Venezuela, Harrelson collapsed a table beating an opponent, and he fondly recalls the match in a Savannah bar a couple of years ago when he "messed a guy's arm up."

Harrelson, in short, fears no major leaguer, and that goes for Nicholson. "I don't see any that can beat me," he confides. "Ballplayers bet on me."

FISHY SMELL

Pour a shot or two of bourbon into a glass. Add a spoonful of salt and a spoonful of sugar. Place the concoction in an atomizer and spray it all over yourself. Light a pipe and put on gloves. You are now ready to go fishing. So says Bill Woods of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. According to Woods, biologists have found that fishermen's hands impart an odor to bait that is frightening to fish. Thus fishermen *scare away fish without knowing it.* However, biologists have also discovered that fish like the smell of salt, sugar, tobacco and bourbon, hence the advice given above. "Any angler can be successful," says Woods, "provided his technique doesn't smell."

MORE FORMALITY, PLEASE

Since Gene Stallings became head football coach at Texas A&M earlier this year, approximately 60 players have left the squad. Stallings blames this on "natural attrition," but others have blamed it on Stallings' adherence to the hard-nosed methods of his idol and former boss, Bear Bryant. Last week, however, it appeared that players might be quitting simply to avoid hazing by the school lettermen's association. This came to light when Grimes County Sheriff Dick Johnson found two Aggie sophomores, Harvey Ermis and Lawson Howard, hopping around near a lake. The boys were blindfolded and handcuffed. Their ankles were bound, and they were manacled to one another by a chain around their necks secured by four locks. "We thought this was rather inhuman," says Sheriff Johnson. "Those boys could have walked in that lake and drowned."

Stallings himself was upset by the incident. A member of the lettermen's association, he gave a talk to the group's leaders. "From now on," says Stallings, "there will be a more formal type of initiation."

REPRIEVE AT AINTREE

The population explosion has made it profitable to ride roughshod over traditional sports sites. Ebbets Field, ex-home of the Bums in Brooklyn; Jamaica racetrack, home of some of the most fanatical horseplayers in racing history; and the Polo Grounds, historic battlefield for baseball, football and prizefights, are now housing developments.

Aintree, outside Liverpool, for 126 years the site of England's toughest steeplechase, the Grand National, was similarly threatened. Mrs. Mirabel Topham, whose family has leased Aintree from the Sefton family for the past 100 years and who bought the 300 acres in 1949 from the present Lord Sefton, has been trying to sell it to Capital and Counties Property Company, Ltd., which wants to put up a housing development there.

Lord Sefton got an injunction against Mrs. Topham, who appealed. Last week the court of appeal of the House of Lords decided that the clause in the Sefton-Topham contract of sale, providing that, as long as Lord Sefton was alive, the land was never to be used for anything but horse racing and its appurtenances, was adamant and legal.

This does not yet mean that the Grand National will be held there again. Mrs. Topham has been losing money on the Grand National. It is to be hoped that other entrepreneurs may continue racing there profitably and traditionally. Meanwhile, wizard for the Lords Justice of the House of Lords court, who, steeped in tradition, have preserved a big one.

OBEYING ORDERS

Those bedeviled souls managing such determinedly third-division ball clubs as the Mets, the A's and the Yankees may find some solace in the torments of a Little League manager in Lubbock, Texas. This fellow, who shall remain mercifully nameless, noticed his right fielder playing too deep. "Come in!" he yelled, gesturing wildly with his bottle of tranquilizers. Moments later he glanced back at right field. It was empty. "Where's my right fielder?" he cried. "Right here," responded a wee small voice from the bench. "You told me to come in."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

It is pleasant to note that the American Horse Shows Association has picked up its flyswatter and flicked the wrists of six of its members. Caught at the Aiken Charity Horse Show last April, five of the netted were found guilty last week of cruelty to Tennessee Walking Horses and the sixth, the show's judge, was declared guilty of failing to disqualify horses with raw or bleeding sores between the hoof and ankle. It is a barbarous custom in Walking Horse circles to blister or burn a horse's pasterns to enhance the fancy show gait (SI, Dec. 14, 1964). Judge J. B. Smith and exhibitors J. Monroe Johnson and J. A. Holt Jr. received the sharpest tap; they are unable to judge, show or take part in any recognized event until July 20, 1965. Ralph Hensley, Bruce Bishop and Dr. Stephen Brown, also charged with treating their Walking Horses inhumanely, were disbarred only until June 20.

Honeyed as the sentences were, they still represent a long-overdue effort on the part of the association to halt Walking Horse abuses before federal legislation does it for them.

JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE

A frog named Dan'l Webster won fame 100 years ago when a young reporter, looking for gold, found instead a local legend concerning the notorious jumping frog of Calaveras County. Mark Twain's first literary success established an annual event that celebrated its centennial last week with 10 bands, bagpipes and 50,000 spectators. The winner, with an impressive 14-foot 9-inch vault, was a Lafayette, Calif. bullfrog named, for some unexplained reason, Hops. Hops won $300 and a life of leisure. His owner raises frogs for eating and only winners go to pasture. The losers go to pot.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Devaney, football coach, asked why he does not demand a lifetime contract from Nebraska: "I had a friend with a lifetime contract. After two bad years the university president called him into his office and pronounced him dead."

• Early Wynn, pitching coach for the Cleveland Indians and crusader to legalize the spitball, insisting the pitch is no physical hazard for hitters: "It's dangerous only to batting averages."

• Roger Ginsberg, young golf pro, promising a gin-and-tonic party if he won the $16,000 Dodge Open: "If it's champagne with Tony Lema, why not gin with Ginsberg?" **END**



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3. **LEARN AS YOU TRAVEL.** If business keeps you on the move, rent a plane from your Piper dealer. Your instructor pilot will teach you as you travel.
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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 7, 1965

FIERY 500 FOR A COOL SCOT

Jimmy Clark won the fastest, biggest and richest Indy in an English Lotus powered by an American Ford engine and serviced by a stock-car pit crew, leaving the Speedway's old guard in disarray

by BOB OTTUM

Minute for minute there is no sporting event in the world as throat-catching as the Indianapolis 500-mile race. It is periodically dogged by disaster, as it was last year when two drivers were killed; yet in any year it has moments of racing greatness. Those who come to the Speedway hover each year in a fearful, three-and-a-half-hour limbo to see which will predominate. The 500 is an event that spectators are not certain they want to see—but it is so powerful they dare not look away. This was one of the good years, full of history and innocent of catastrophe. It was the year of the Lotus, the year of the rookies and it was the year the Scottish bagpipers came out to play.

Calm young Scotsman Jimmy Clark won the race ("Mmmmmm, no, there were no real tense moments out there") in what was really a double victory, because just finishing was in itself a triumph. Clark's run was an exercise in the sure use of power. He snaked his 500-hp Lotus-Ford along a corridor that became a salvage yard at an average speed of 150.686 miles an hour—the fastest 500 ever and one with a special magnificence as the first beyond the 150-mph barrier. And in winning he became one of the most affluent tourists temporarily employed in this country, earning something like a $200,000 share of the richest purse in Indy history.

The Ford Motor Company, which had first entered this classic three years ago on the theory that the 500 is a rolling test track for automotive innovation and a great spreader of glamour over all Ford cars, was also a notable winner. Ford proved that The Lively Ones—dual overhead-cam engines buttoned into 1,300-pound cars—would go like bullets on a two-and-a-half-mile track.

When Clark wheeled into the winner's circle (he picked up an extra $50 bonus there from a dairy association for accepting a quart of milk), 10 cars were left in the race behind him. Twenty-two cars were sitting like dismal Pop art displays in the garages of Gasoline Alley.

continued

Swooping into the lead as the 500 begins, Clark races ahead of pole man A. J. Foyt (car No. 1). Dan Gurney (17) and Parnelli Jones (98).

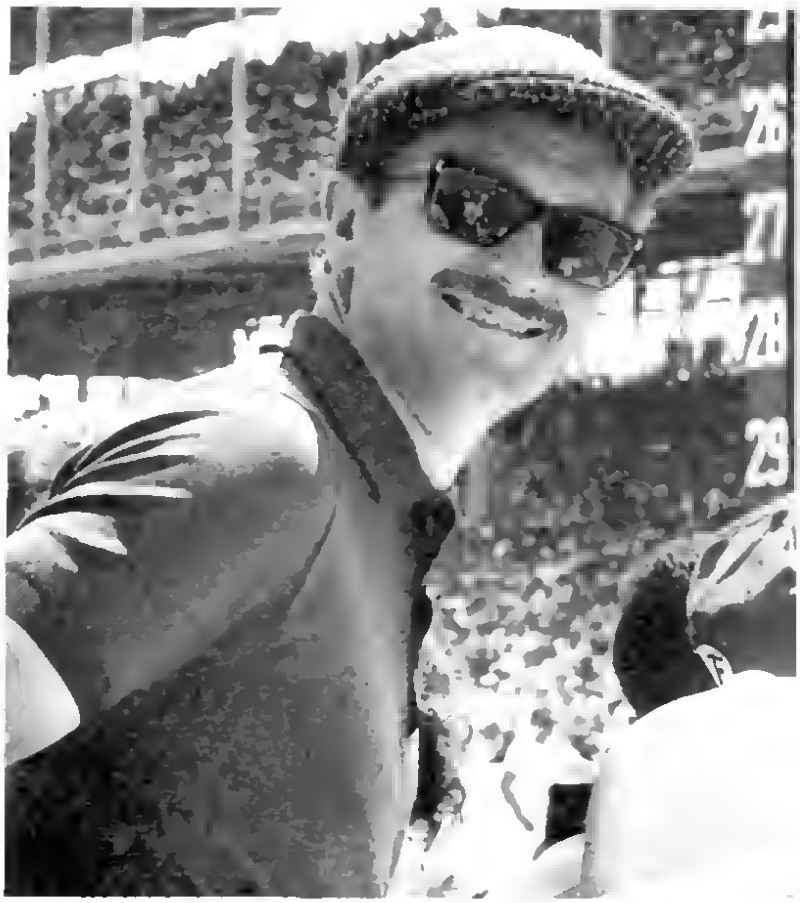
In the morning, amid balloons and bands, 33 cars had started in a frightening snarl of engines, their bodies polished to a racing gloss. But by Monday afternoon many of the favorites were in various stages of mechanical disarray. Parnelli Jones, engine sputtering, gas tank empty and steering gone haywire, captured second place by a miracle of timing, another lap and he would not have finished at all. A. J. Foyt was completely out of the race; the transmission on his car had burst in a futile chase after Clark. Dan Gurney was out of it with similar trouble.

The race was run on a hot, bright day, and the Speedway was packed to the picnic baskets—a record crowd of 305,000 was present. Outside Indiana—everybody inside the state must have been at the track—thousands more had assembled to watch the race on closed-circuit television. The first lap around the Brickyard—with Clark thrusting out ahead of the pole man, Foyt, from the No. 2 starting position—was clocked at 151.380 mph, a new track record. Almost immediately a Novi was out of the race, spurting oil. All day that was the way it was: records and cars fell with almost every lap.

The records belonged to Clark, who, with roguish zest, seemed to toy with Foyt. That is a dangerous game, the second time around an angry Foyt rolled up beside Clark high on the outside of the first turn, a place where veterans never go, and popped free on the backstretch. Behind the two battling leaders came Gurney and Jones, with rookie Mario Andretti running coolly in fifth position. The rest of the field, already looking over their shoulders for Clark, were, figuratively and in most cases literally, out of it all. By 10 laps Clark's speed was up to 154.424 mph, he had not only snapped back past Foyt but had opened up a 20-yard lead on him.

Gurney and Jones were running wheel to wheel in another match of speed and mutual respect, and the 25-year-old Andretti was exciting an audience of his own. His Ford-powered car was the only balanced, symmetrical one at Indy, sitting squarely between its wheels. "Look," he had said, "it is ready to take out on a road course right now





Clark exults in Victory Lane (above) after record-breaking drive which also added a new dimension to the fame of England's Colin Chapman (below), builder of the winning Lotus car.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE AND TONY TRIOLO

without changing a thing. She can turn right, too, you see? Not just turn left, like most Indy cars." Turning right and left like a motorized Red Grange, he drove the rest of the field wild with fancy broken-track running. By lap 43 he was an impertinent fourth and in position to devour any falterers ahead.

The rest of the race came in flashes—flashes of Clark whirring by the stands, his $150 per round in lap prizes ticking inexorably higher; flashes of racing brilliance; flashes of despair.

By lap 44, when Clark's lap winnings had rolled beyond $6,450, Gurney came coasting into the pits. So far so good. Perhaps he needed fuel. But, no, he climbed out of the car and looked into the stands with a half-smile. It was over; the car had stopped running. The car was sponsored by Yamaha, a Japanese manufacturer, and in Gurney's pit crew was the Ford Cobra man, Carroll Shelby, a road-racing type who goes where the action is. Shelby usually turns up at these events in casual attire topped by a monstrous, battered 10-gallon hat. On Monday he wore a judo-style jacket for luck. He should have stayed with the hat.

On Clark's 55th lap Jones was rolling along, with periodic puffs of smoke ringing from his car, and in the Jones pits crewmen began squatting down to peer under the car as it rolled past. A few pits down the line the second and last Novi was in for repairs, its laps numbered. On the 73rd lap, in a flurry of Foyt pulling in for a pit stop and Clark running free, it, too, expired. Andy Granatelli, chief of the annual Novi exercise in racing disaster, had a special message chalked on the pit board for the next loop around the course. It was not for the driver, it was for his wife, across the track in the main grandstand. "Dolly, chin up," it said.

With nearly half the race run Clark enjoyed a one-minute lead over Foyt; his average was 151.916 miles an hour, another track record. Part of it derived from an extraordinary 21-second pit stop, accomplished by Virginian Glen Wood and his crew. Wood is a stock-car builder and pit man, and he was specially recruited to cure Clark's previous pit troubles. (Clark required two stops—the second took only 25 seconds.)

Suddenly Clark's lead expanded from one minute to one year. Foyt coasted into the pits, engine shut off, his face set in a firm line. While thousands groaned, he eased out of the car, unbuckled his helmet and pulled off his golfing gloves. Before the race, plagued by accidents and a car that wouldn't handle properly, he had paced in front of his Gasoline Alley garage and groaned, "Oh, man, I'll be glad when this one is over. I'll be glad to get *through* this one." Now, he said it more simply. "Transmission's gone." With both Foyt and Gurney out of the action, there was no longer a ghost of a threat to the little Scot. On Clark's next whiz around the course his pit crew had the sign ready. "Foyt out," it said, and Clark nodded casually as he passed by.

Now there were 14 cars left. Anyone who could stay in the race could win fairly important money. "Use head," one thrifty crew signaled its driver. Five in the field were rookies, all smart enough not to push at this point. They all finished.

Racing's old line, the men prepared to battle most fiercely against insurgents like Clark, now had just one champion left: Parnelli. Their own cars were out and they drifted down the pit wall to stand in the Jones area. It looked like a convention of racing graybeards. Parnelli did not fail them—Parnelli *never* fails them—but he gave them a few moments of frenzy.

With five laps to go, Jones rolled along the grandstand straightaway, driving with one hand and pointing to his gas tank with the other. The meaning was clear: he was running low. Crewmen stood poised for him to roll into the pits, knowing grimly that if he did, it would cost second place. Next time around Jones gave them the back of his head. He was going to run for it—and his engine sounded like someone was crouched under the hood hammering to get out.

Clark made it, one gloved hand raised in triumph as he wheeled under the checkered flag. Jones made it, shaking his head grimly and steering the car in little, weaving pirouettes. On the backstretch Jones's engine stopped. He was safely second. He also was bone dry. He pushed the car home. "We try harder than Avis," he dead-panned. Andretti made it, finishing a strong third after a marvelous trip.

It had been an exhausting day, with much breakage, but not a dangerous one for the men of Indy. At midrace, with the field scattered over a safe two-and-a-half-mile radius, the most reckless man around was the pilot of a tiny helicopter fluttering over the track, toting an enormous Plymouth promotional banner.

The fact that the starting lineup was shot through with exotic designs made it clear that a shake-out was coming. The Lotus-Fords, despite some signs of instability, clearly won a long lead in the design race. Rule-and-wrench men from Indy's old line such as A.J. Watson and Ted Halibrand needed more think time on their experimental chassis. So did the corps of new builders: of the genuine Brabham chassis from England; of the pretend Brabham, a made-in-America copy driven by Andretti; of the three Huffakers (none of which finished), cars whose suspension systems used water bellows instead of springs and handled like hot-water bottles on the corners; of the BRP's and Lolas from Blighty, these also nonfinishers except for one Lola.

Some grousing was inevitable. "I don't feel that these rear-engine cars are as safe as the old roadsters by any means," said Jones. "You have more moving parts in these new babies, more things that can break." Jones had called his last year's front-engine roadster "Calhoun," a term of close affection, and Jones was apt to talk of it in sentences that began, "Well, old Calhoun and me, we. . . ." But he had angrily refused such a name for this year's Lotus. "I may call it 'Trouble,' " he growled.

But as Parnelli and the others knew, grousing would get them nowhere. The old Indy order was shoved aside Monday by a road-racing driver from Scotland; by that Limey builder of the Lotuses, Colin Chapman—the man with the David Niven profile, by a giant company with a hot new engine; and, adding insult to grievous injury, by that crew of southern rebels, interlopers from stock-car racing, who functioned so superbly in Clark's swift and precise pit. END

A QUICK, HARD RIGHT AND A NEEDLESS STORM OF PROTEST

Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) is a fighter bedeviled by his own excellence. He knocked out big Sonny Liston with a punch so marvelously fast that almost no one believed in it—but it was hard and true

by TEX MAULE

Muhammad Ali, born Cassius Clay, retained the heavyweight championship of the world by knocking out Sonny Liston with a perfectly valid, stunning right-hand punch to the side of the head (*page 48*), and he won without benefit of a fix.

Although it is impossible ever to discount the possibility of a fix because of boxing's still-too-intimate connection with the underworld, there is no shred of evidence or plausibility to support the suggestion that this was anything but an honest fight, as was the previous Clay-Liston fight in Miami Beach. Today the big money is in television—not betting.

The knockout punch itself was thrown with the amazing speed that differentiates Clay from any other heavyweight. He leaned away from one of Liston's ponderous, pawing left jabs, planted his left foot solidly and whipped his right hand over Liston's left arm and into the side of Liston's jaw. The blow had so much force it lifted Liston's left foot, upon which most of his weight was resting, well off the canvas. It was also powerful enough to drop him instantly—first to his hands and knees and then over on his back. More than 17 seconds elapsed before Liston could flounder to his feet, still only partly conscious. Even some 30 seconds later, when Jersey Joe Walcott, the referee, finally stopped the fight after a wild flurry of inaccurate punches by the almost-hysterical Clay, Liston was staggering drunkenly and had to be led to his corner by Trainer Willie Reddish.

The knockout punch was only the third that the champion landed, but all of his blows were significant ones. He opened the fight by rushing across the ring and banging the surprised Liston with a hard right cross. Then, about 30 seconds before the end, he hit Liston with another strong right (*see cover*) that may have started Sonny's downfall.

"That shot shivered Liston," said Trainer Chicky Ferrara, who had been placed in Liston's corner by Manager Angelo Dundee to guard against a recurrence of the eye burning that had left Clay semiblind in the fifth round in Miami Beach. "He blinked his eyes three times, like he was trying to clear his head, and I looked at Willie Reddish. I could see Reddish looked sick because he knew his fighter was in trouble."

For the few qualified observers who had a clear view of the knockout punch, there was no doubt about its power. Immediately after it landed, Floyd Patterson, seated at ringside in the most advantageous position to see the blow, said, in answer to a direct question: "It was a perfect right hand." José Torres, the light heavyweight champion, agreed. "A very strong right hand," he said. Indeed, for all those who had a good view of the punch—and, unfortunately, there could not have been more than 1,200—there was never any doubt as to the stunning power of the blow. It was perfectly delivered against an opponent who was moving toward it, so that the effect was of a head-on collision.

The suddenness of Clay's blow plunged everybody—fighters, officials and spectators—into a morass of confusion. Responsibility for this can be laid to an inept timekeeper and a bewildered referee. But primarily it was the fault of Muhammad Ali, who went berserk when he saw Liston on the canvas and heard the chorus of "Fake! Fake!" coming from the fans who had missed the knockout punch.

Instead of retreating to a neutral corner and allowing Referee Joe Walcott to begin his count, the frantic champion stood over Liston shouting: "Get up and fight, sucker!" Walcott repeatedly pushed and shoved Clay away from the fallen challenger, only to have the champion charge back to ring center. Absorbed in this frustrating effort, Walcott never did start a count. Nor was he able to pick one up from the timekeeper, a diminutive man whose head was barely visible above the ring and whose voice was inaudible. Liston finally struggled to his feet and Walcott, thinking the fight was still on, wiped his gloves off.

At that moment Walcott heard shouts from Nat Fleischer, publisher of *The Ring Magazine*, who was sitting by the timekeeper. The referee turned his back on the fighters to listen to Fleischer. Liston, still dazed but courageous, put his hands up and started toward Clay, who then began his wild attack.

Liston was fighting from instinct, moving his head from side to side to avoid Clay's blows and trying to clinch. Whatever defects he had in this fight—and principal among them were age and its concomitant slowness—Liston was no quitter. No man ever struggled more grimly through the fog of unconsciousness to regain his feet than did Liston during the 17 seconds he was on the floor, and when Walcott at last stepped between the fighters to stop them Liston was still doing his best to fight back.

There was a wonderful irrationality to Walcott's action, which was reflected

in everything he said later. He stopped the fight, he admitted, only after he had been informed by Fleischer, who had no official connection with the match, that the count had reached 12. But moments earlier he obviously had been prepared to allow the bout to continue, possibly on the theory that since Clay had not gone to a neutral corner there had not been a count of 10. Immediately after he stopped the bout, however, Walcott told a reporter: "It didn't make any difference if I counted or not. I could have counted to 24. Liston was in a dream world, and the only thing that could have happened was that he'd be seriously hurt."

Watching Liston after the end, it was perfectly clear he had been badly—if not seriously—hurt. He stood vaguely for a moment, then staggered two steps backward as Reddish approached him and led him to his corner. It was about then, with the ring rapidly filling up with uninvited characters, that George Chuvalo, the Canadian heavyweight champion who had hoped to fight Liston if Sonny won, climbed through the ropes and shoved Clay, yelling, "Fix!" He was restrained, but later he said that he had seen Liston's eyes while the challenger was on the floor, and he knew that he was not in bad shape. "His eyes were darting from side to side like this," he said, darting his eyes from side to side. "When a fighter is hurt his eyes roll up."

In fact, Chuvalo was giving unwitting testimony to the power of the blow.

"Chuvalo is wrong," said Dr. Carroll L. Witten, former Kentucky State Boxing Commissioner, who has studied the reactions of knocked-out fighters. "The side-to-side movement of eyes is commonly associated with temporary unconsciousness and is one of the first things you look for. It is called nystagmus."

About half an hour after the fight, sitting on a training table and dressed in blue jeans, a gray sweat shirt and heavy brogans, Liston offered his own testimony.

"I didn't think he could hit that hard," he said, oddly cheerful. "But I couldn't pick up the count. I think," he added, apparently unaware that it was he who first resumed fighting after the knockdown, "I could have continued if I had picked up the count."

Had the fight been permitted to continue, it would have done Liston small good. Clay was in control from the opening surprise punch, and in all likelihood would have scored a second knockout.

Superficially, the fight bore some resemblance to the first meeting in Miami. Clay avoided Liston's crude rushes disdainfully, retreating steadily. But there was a major difference this time, as soon became apparent. Clay fought his own fight, which he did not do in Miami Beach. Then he had followed the instructions of Manager Angelo Dundee to the letter. Dundee's instructions in this fight were almost the same.

The secret plan

"You have got to jab Liston," Dundee had said time and again. "He'll be stalking and jabbing, and you have to get off first with your jab." But, unknown to Dundee, Clay had devised a strategy of his own. He never threw a jab during the whole minute and 57 seconds the fight lasted.

"I was sick," Dundee said later, "when I saw what Clay was doing. Liston hit him with four ineffectual lefts, and the champ was on the defensive most of the time. Liston was doing just what we had expected him to do and doing it better than he had in Miami Beach. Jabbing and stalking."

The tactics Clay actually used came to him in a dream—or so he said three weeks before the fight. "I have had this dream every night for several weeks," he told a reporter at his Massachusetts training camp. "It's awful real. What happens, at the bell I rush across the ring and tag Liston with a good right hand. That's a psychological trick old Archie Moore taught me, and it lets the Bear know right now who is in charge. I don't see in the dream if it knocks him out, but he never recovers and I go on to win in an early knockout."

Few pieces of prophecy have ever been more dramatically confirmed.

Still, it is unfortunate for Clay that the end came so abruptly and amid so much confusion. During the brief time he was in action in this fight, he showed himself a more mature, stronger and smoother fighter than the Clay who had whipped Liston 15 months before. He had none of the boyish pudginess he showed then; his body was lean and hard and powerful. The few blows Liston managed to land reached Clay as he moved easily away, and all their sting was drawn. Clay may be now—and certainly can be in time—the best heavyweight ever.

Clay was not, however, the first man to knock Liston down. In a fight on April 21, 1955 in St. Louis, Marty Marshall dropped Liston with a punch remarkably similar to the one Clay used (SI, Feb. 10, 1964). "In the fifth round," the account goes, "Marshall slipped a Liston jab to the outside and crossed a right to Sonny's jaw, à la Max Schmeling when he knocked Joe Louis down in 1936. The result was the same. Liston went down." He got up, too, with no more intention of quitting than he had against Clay, and he knocked Marshall out a round later.

In the wake of the Lewiston fight there was a somewhat predictable outcry by press and politicians for the abolition of boxing. Bills to ban the sport were planned in several state legislatures, including New York's, where Clay's next fight may take place. Elderly ex-champions, among them Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, proclaimed the quick victory a fatal blow to boxing. "I didn't go because I knew what would happen," said Dempsey, rather obscurely.

A promoter in San Antonio apologized to his theater TV customers and, on the basis that they had been defrauded by a "shameful spectacle," donated his take to boys' clubs. The California legislature, in session, received a resolution calling for an investigation by the state attorney general to determine if its closed-circuit televiewers had been fraudulently duped out of their money.

All of this, of course, sounds very much like the reaction after the last Clay-Liston fight, and it is doubtful that much will—or should—come of it. Within a few weeks, the question will not be the future of boxing but the future of Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay. A week after

continued

the fight, this was as confusing as the immediate aftermath of the fight itself, if not more so. A line of willing promoters had already begun to form, each of them with some claim to having been promised the next heavyweight championship bout. Seemingly leading the pack were Harry Markson and Teddy Brenner of Madison Square Garden. "My title belongs to the world," Clay said the day after the bout. "I ain't gonna hide it. I think the next fight got to be in the Big Apple, where everybody can see it. Yankee Stadium might be good."

Chris Dundee, the brother of Angelo, says that Clay has promised *him* the next match. Also in the picture, although he is relatively unknown, is a Negro fight promoter from Detroit. "With Liston gone, it's Roosevelt all over, a new deal for boxing," said Diamond Jim Riley. Riley decorates himself with a Diamond Jim monogram on each cuff and the pocket of *all of his shirts* and wears *$10,000* worth of diamonds elsewhere. He would have looked perfectly at home in the archaic splendor of the Poland Spring Inn, where Liston trained.

"Everything is flip-flop. We may see new faces all around. The champ told me he'd like to give a Negro promoter a break and I am the man." As part of the deal, Riley says, he has agreed to put Rahaman Ali (Rudy Clay), the champion's brother, on the card and pay him a sizable purse.

Then, of course, there is Intercontinental Promotions, Inc., Bob Nilon, president. "We have had excellent relations with Intercontinental," says attorney [illegible] for the Louisville group that controls Clay. "However, we are open to the best offer. Everybody has a chance."

Clay's opponent will be either Floyd Patterson or Chuvalo, who lost to Patterson on Feb. 1 in Madison Square Garden. If this seems illogical, Clay has his reasons. Although he publicly promised Patterson the next shot at his title after Floyd's victory over Chuvalo, and repeated that promise in the ring at Lewiston, there is a strong possibility he will fight the tough, truculent Chuvalo instead.

In the ring Clay had told Patterson, "Floyd, you have the next shot. You are a nice fellow. You're young, too, only 30 years old. You're a fair puncher, and I think you'll make a good opponent." With that he pinned a Muhammad Ali button on the smiling Patterson.

By the next day, though after another incident with Chuvalo at the Clay victory party, he was beginning to have second thoughts. "Chuvalo may be the best man for my next fight," Clay said. "He's tough and he's crazy. He pushed me twice after the fight, and no man does that unless he's out of his mind. He ain't gonna be so easy to knock out, and people don't like these one-rounders."

Liston has said he is willing to fight anyone to get a return match with Clay, but the myth of the invincible Liston is thoroughly exploded now, and it is doubtful that he will ever again figure in the heavyweight championship picture.

Unnoticed in the uproar following the championship bout, one of Liston's sparring partners, Amos (Big Train) Lincoln, knocked out a nondescript opponent in the first minute of the first round. Before his fight, waiting for the ring to clear so he could enter it, Lincoln was approached by a writer who had seen him work against Liston several times and hit Sonny time and again with a carefully delicate right cross.

"Could you have done what Clay did tonight?" he was asked.

"Any time for the last six weeks," Lincoln said, and climbed into the ring to use the same right hand for a quick knockout.

In Liston's final sparring session before the bout, a carefully coached Lincoln [illegible] himself to be well-battered, creating a spurious feeling in Liston's mind that he had reached his peak just in time for the battle.

But James Ellis, the very fast light heavyweight with whom Clay sparred, was an interested spectator. Asked at the end of the sparring session what he thought about Liston, he said, "It wouldn't be right for me to make any comment now."

But as he walked out of the room with a companion, he was overheard to say, "There ain't *no* way Liston can beat the champ. No way at all."

That is true not only of Liston. It is true of Patterson and Chuvalo, too. **END**





This historic photograph shows the post-knockdown confusion in the ring as it



reached its awesome climax. Clay is returning to the attack on groggy Sonny Liston as Referee Joe Walcott (left), his back to the fighters, is consulting a barely visible timekeeper. Clay's trainer and manager are entering at right. Five pages of knockout pictures begin on page 48.



With the score 0-0 in the sixth inning of the first game played between the White Sox and the Yankees this season, John Romano (above) of

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SEASON

Now the slambang White Sox are the ball club to beat, as the sick and slumping Yankees found when they visited Chicago. The Sox have their eyes on the pennant, and it's only about 70 wins away **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Edwards leaped to his feet and chased the ball, while behind him Romano who had missed home plate and sprained his foot in his desperate





the Sox tried to score from second base on an infield hit. As Romano powered past New York Catcher Doc Edwards (38) the ball squirted away.

For four days Donald Duck did not quack. Normally Donald will take a whack at a quack every chance he gets, but from Monday through early Friday evening of last week he merely sat and worried. Donald is Eddie Fisher, the 28-year-old relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox, and ever since he was in junior high school back in Altus, Okla. 16 years ago he has been entertaining people with his imitation of Walt Disney's movie cartoon character. But not last week. "This is no time for Donald," he said Friday at 5 p.m. after the White Sox, who were facing a three-game series with the Yankees, had lost six of seven games to fall out of the American League lead.

But by Saturday, Eddie Fisher was Donald Duck again, quacking happily away in the White Sox clubhouse in Comiskey Park. The White Sox had won two straight games from the Yankees and regained first place. From the

continued

slide, twisted around despite his excruciating pain and stretched full length to touch home plate with his hand to score Chicago's deciding run.



very beginning of the season Fisher has quacked a magic number at his teammates after each of their victories. "I decided at the start that it would take 100 games to win the pennant," he says. "Now we only need 74 more."

Last year no one really believed in the Chicago White Sox, even though they lost the pennant by only one game. Joe Horlen, the tough-luck pitcher last year, said, "I thought the whole 1964 season over during the winter. I tried to figure out how it might have been won for us. I played games over and over in my mind." The Sox were long on pitching but woefully short of hitting. This season they are once again long on pitching and long on spirit and long on managing, but now they are also long on good, solid hitting, which has almost never been a White Sox characteristic. "Last season," says Manager Al Lopez, "we had to scrounge around for runs, and too often we didn't get the one run we needed to win. Now we have power and we can play for a big inning."

"I remember when we went into Los Angeles for a series last year," says Pete Ward, the Chicago third baseman, "a columnist wrote that the White Sox were in town and that no one knew we were there but that by the time we left we would have won three games. Well, that's the type of club we were. But now we have some guys who can make some noise with the bat and get us some runs, and we have excellent pitching. That's two big pluses."

Last year it seemed that almost all Chicago's games were close and the White Sox had to scratch to win but, even so, the 1964 team was not an exciting one. This year, however, there seems to be an entirely different attitude about the White Sox in Chicago. Right now the city feels that the White Sox are the logical, odds-on favorites to win in the American League. It is a sound feeling.

Frustrated by their offensive shortcomings in 1964 the White Sox went out and traded for the hitters they needed for 1965. They got Bill Skowron in July last year and in the off season obtained John Romano from Cleveland and Danny Cater from Philadelphia. Too, the younger White Sox players—like Don Buford, Tom McCraw, Ken Berry—seem ready now. Shortstop Ron Hansen has always been a valuable man in the clutch, and Ward and Robinson are among the most respected hitters in the league.

The series with the Yankees last weekend was a major one for the White Sox, because, like every other team in the league, Chicago could not quite believe that the slumping New Yorkers were truly an eighth-place team. They are right, of course. The Yankees are not an eighth-place team, but neither are they a first-place team.

When the Yankees came into Chicago last week a clipping was hung on the White Sox bulletin board. It said, "Mantle says Yankees will win by 10 games." The word "win" was scratched out and the word "lose" put in its place. The White Sox would not admit that the series with the Yankees was of particular significance, but their actions said it for them. Donald Duck had requests from friends and relations for 40 tickets. "They beat us the first 10 last year," Joe Horlen said. "That won't happen again." Lopez said, "Those were all good ball games we played the Yanks, but we lost 10 in a row to them. This team knows who it is playing."

Romano the hero

So, the White Sox beat the Yankees 2–0 last Friday in the first game between the clubs this year. Horlen pitched well, and John Romano broke an 0–0 tie when he scored from second base on an infield hit. Romano banged past Yankee Catcher Doc Edwards, knocking the ball away, injuring his own foot and missing the plate. Although in great pain, he strained back full length to touch home with his hand for what proved to be the winning run. The White Sox won again Saturday 6–3 on a succession of Yankee mistakes, and though New York came back on Sunday to win the final game of the series 3–2 in 12 innings, the New Yorkers were still seven games below .500 and nine full games behind the White Sox. Obviously, it was a different year.

In Chicago last year some sportswriters referred to the White Sox as a team of "invisible men." No more. Pitcher Gary Peters, who won 19 games in 1963 and 20 last year, is a superb athlete who is used as a pinch hitter. Second baseman Don Buford was an outstanding halfback at the University of Southern California; his replacement, Al Weis, was second in the American League last year with 22 stolen bases. Catcher Smokey Burgess, who made his 100th pinch hit on Sunday, needs only seven more to break the alltime record. Third Baseman Pete Ward hit three grand-slam home runs last season. Only Mickey Mantle, Al Kaline and Tony Oliva, among active American Leaguers, have better lifetime batting averages than Floyd Robinson.

"Most of our club," says General Manager Ed Short, "can be traced to our minor league system. Only two players on the team did not come from the minors or in a trade involving one of our minor league players. We are proud of our farm system. Right now four of the five teams we have working agreements with are either in first or second place. It costs us $1 million a year to have these farm clubs, and we don't get any money back from them because the teams are owned by local people in those towns. You could say that the three youngsters we brought up this year—Pitcher Bruce Howard, Center Fielder Ken Berry and Pitcher Bob Locker—cost us $300,000 apiece. We have more good prospects down there and plenty of good pitchers [18 with earned run averages of 3.00 or lower]."

The White Sox organization has been criticized for moves which were not very popular at the time. Many people were incensed in 1964 when they read that the White Sox offered Pitcher-Writer Jim Brosnan a contract which prohibited him from writing. Brosnan quit, but Chicago got along fairly well without his pitching. When the White Sox told Charles O. Finley of Kansas City that he could not bring his well-publicized Missouri mule into Comiskey Park a few weeks ago, Chicago was burned again. "We believe," says Short, "that promotion is up to the home team, and we think that a mule is fine at the Army-Navy game. We told Finley in March that he could not bring his mule in. We had a gymnastic show and $500 worth of fireworks planned for between games of a doubleheader, and we do not announce our extras to the public. We give them away. We think our fans are with us. We fought the sale of the Yankees to CBS, and we believe that the public backed us. We lost in a vote to the rest of the league." The American Broadcasting Company has been annoyed with the White Sox since early spring because the club said that no television cameras could be put on the field for the

continued



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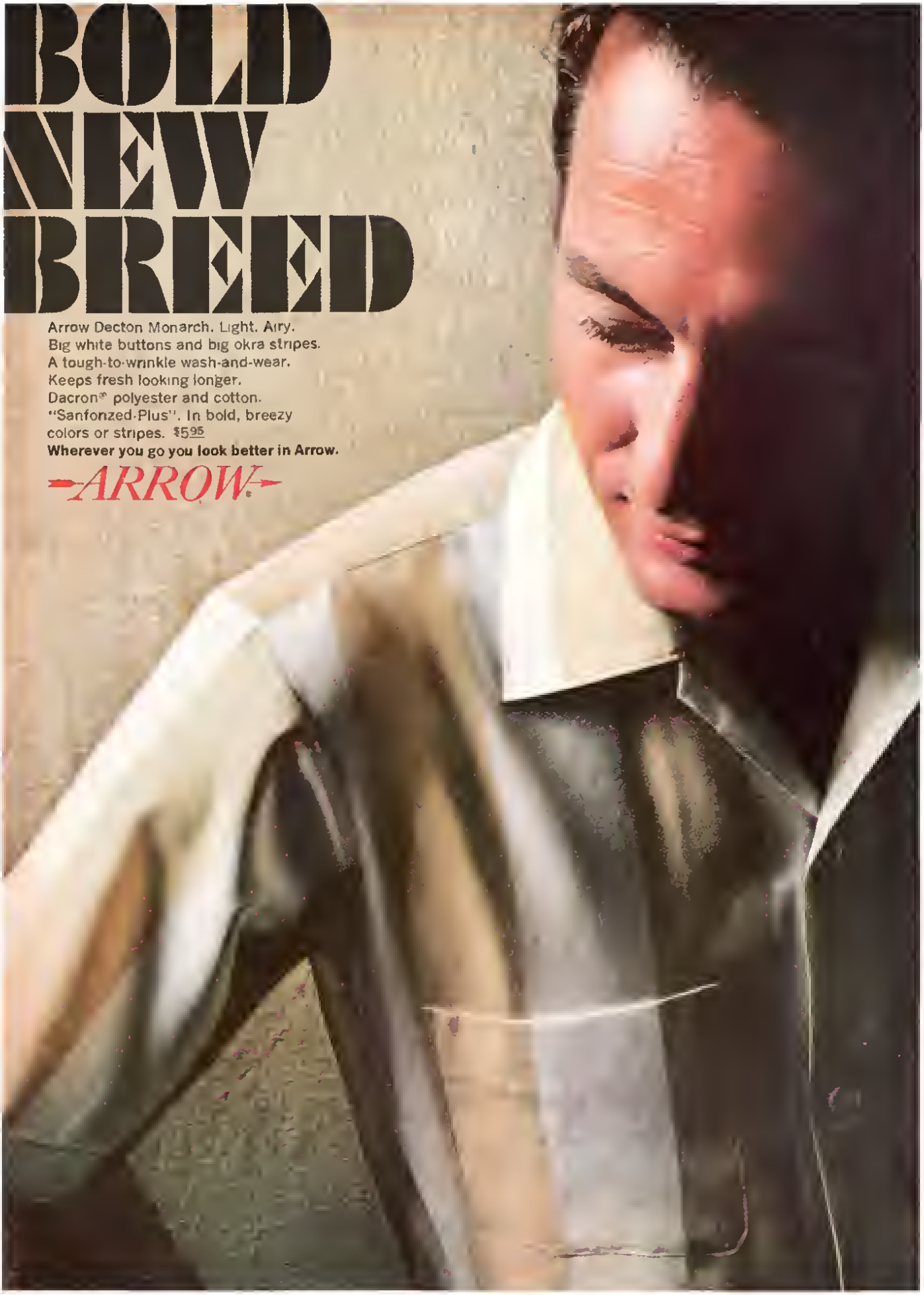
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network's *Game of the Week*. The White Sox position was that the cameras would hinder the vision of box-seat patrons.

But the team is the main preoccupation of the front office. It has been rebuilt carefully over the past few seasons, with only a handful of players remaining of those who comprised the White Sox three years ago. The backbone of the squad, despite the newfound hitting strength, is pitching. Lopez and Ray Berres, his pitching coach, keep a close eye on the staff. Tommy John, who was 2–9 with Cleveland last year, won his fourth game of the current season when he beat the Yankees on Saturday. John says, "I didn't know what pitching was all about until I came to see the White Sox. They see everything and they remind you of it." Joe Horlen had a 6–2 lead after three innings in a game against Los Angeles when Lopez took him out of the game. Angry and upset, Horlen sounded off but later said he was wrong, that he knew he was pitching badly. Berres worked with Horlen to correct his timing and in his next start he shut out the Yankees, something he had never been able to do previously. The big Comiskey Park field helps, too. Its wind, which seems to come in from center field, bounce off the stands and go out again, is perfect for Chicago's knuckleballers, Fisher and Hoyt Wilhelm, who are the top relief men. Wilhelm was in 47 winning games last year, and this season Fisher has won three games and saved 11.

There were frustrations for the White Sox in 1964, but those frustrations seem over now. "This thing we went through when we lost six out of seven," Lopez said at the end of last week, "was a pitching slump, and I don't think we'll have too many of those. Our hitting was good, and our hitting *will* be good. It might get sporadic, but we can go for a big inning now and make it more than we could last year. The talk is beginning that it will be bad for the American League if the Yankees lose. I have words for that theory, but I wouldn't use them. Baseball can't rely on one team like the Yankees, and the American League certainly shouldn't. I like this team of ours. I think we are going to win it because now we have guys who can pop a ball. This is a good ball club."

There are still four months of the season to go, but don't take your eyes off Chicago. Nor your cars. Listen for that quack. END

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THE HUSTLER'S HANDBOOK: PART 4

ANOTHER GONE WITH THE WIND

A group of shrewd city slickers will make an easy fortune when they move the Milwaukee franchise to Atlanta in 1966. Only the game of baseball will suffer

by BILL VEECK with ED LINN



Occasionally I have disagreed with baseball operators—publicly, privately and semiprivately, in print and out, in summer and in winter, in sickness and in health. I have called them backward, unimaginative and feckless. I have even been known to assail a few of the more worthy as greedy and rapacious. So how come they don't like me?

Despite these quarrels and an occasional mild rejoinder on their part—like kicking me out of baseball—I have never, until these past couple of years, felt called upon to apologize for having been associated with them or the game.

I have always believed that in their hearts the operators did have some basic affection for and responsibility to the sport and, when pushed to the wall, even some small affection for the customers who support it. It took the newest members of the exalted order of National League franchise owners, the Carpetbaggers of Milwaukee, to disabuse me.

The reason that the prospective departure of the Braves from Milwaukee disturbs me so much is that 1) for the first time in the history of franchise switches the deserted town will be left without major league baseball, and 2) Milwaukee is a town that was moved *into*. Of course this doesn't concern the Carpetbaggers. Here you find a group of would-be hotshots, having no connection with the city and little if any background in baseball, coming in to make a quick buck. If their personal fortune depends on taking a team away from fans who once were the most delirious and open-handed of all time—well, that's free enterprise, folks.

It was Lou Perini, the former owner of the Braves, who

continued

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seems to have made the first move toward Atlanta. Or rather it was John McHale, then Perini's top lieutenant and now the Braves' president and general manager. McHale is an ex-first baseman who became Detroit's general manager at the age of 35. He is a nice enough guy but he is dull. His career at Milwaukee, and at Detroit before that, has been distinguished by a series of bad trades, trades that did a lot for other ball clubs.

It is on record that McHale visited Atlanta in 1962, a few months before he signed the Braves' final three-year lease to play at County Stadium in Milwaukee. A new 10-year contract was suggested, but McHale would sign for only three. By this time it was already known that the Braves were on the market.

There is no doubt at all that Perini had offers from perhaps half a dozen Milwaukee syndicates, because three groups that I remember contacted me about running the team for them. They weren't insubstantial people either. Joe Uihlein of the Schlitz beer family was one of the interested parties. By coincidence, I bumped into him one night in Rochester, Minn. and we had dinner together. Joe was willing to work out all the arrangements so that I would have something like 30% ownership, but I had to tell him that I didn't feel like going back to Milwaukee at that time. For those who haven't studied their history, I once owned the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association.

Perini had been having his troubles with the Milwaukee County park commission over the stadium rental figure and perhaps he was incensed that the citizens had stopped supporting the team in the record-breaking manner to which he had become accustomed. On the other hand, this was a city that welcomed him when he came limping in from Boston, and it has hardly left him or his construction company any poorer. In fact, he has made a fortune there, although, in fairness, he has given much of that fortune back to the city in the form of charity. Even so, one might have thought, by standards of ordinary street-corner loyalty, that if he wanted to get rid of the team he would sell to local people. He didn't. Instead, he almost pointedly sold the club to a syndicate composed of half a dozen whippersnappers from Chicago, led by Bill Bartholomay.

I know most of these guys. They are all cut from the same bolt of tweed. They are the sons of wealthy families: the Ivy-type education, the finance-oriented backgrounds, the family firm. They are so similar, so indistinguishable, that there is no particular value to listing them by name. They have one final characteristic in common, too: the sum of their total knowledge of baseball is zero.

No, wait a minute. There is one exception, Del Coleman, who runs the Seeburg jukebox company. Coleman made his own money and he has a sizable personal income. Coleman is like the social-climbing wife who is accepted into a charity organization run by socialites because there has to be someone to do the hard, dirty work. Although Coleman is more able than all the rest put together, he seems flattered to be allowed to associate with them.

It was Coleman who came to Hank Greenberg and myself back around 1960 with an offer to buy our 54% interest in the White Sox. We had been unable to buy Chuck Comiskey's minority interest but these guys did not seem to have any doubt that Chuck would be more receptive to them. These guys, you have to understand, feel they are *entitled* to have everything fall into place for them, because it has been their experience—as it had been Gussie Busch's—that the lower classes, for reasons undoubtedly having to do with the wisdom of the Divinity, bow down gracefully and low.

When Hank and I sold our stock to Art Allyn, the Carpetbaggers made the same offer to him and got turned down again. That didn't discourage them. They went to Chuck Comiskey and bought the minority 46% from him. By refusing to sell to us—or at least to sell enough to give us the 80% we needed to reorganize—Chuck had cost the club a tidy little $1,300,000 in taxes. The Bartholomay group quite obviously felt they would wage a battle of nerves against Arthur and force him to sell.

Boy, did they underestimate Arthur. Arthur told them that he not only had no intention of selling his stock but that he had no intention of voting any stock dividends. This left the Carpetbaggers with a couple of million dollars tied up in the White Sox, earning nothing. The only comfort they did have was the prestige and publicity that came from being stockholders in a big-league club. But when they showed up at Sarasota in the spring ready to cavort with the ballplayers, Arthur barred them from the field. Your little boy could go out on the field but they couldn't.

Here you have as good a definition of power as any. The man with the controlling stock can go out onto the field and sweat like one of the hired hands. The manager will even tell him he has all the natural ability to have made a great third baseman. If you haven't got the power you can only sulk in the stands and adjust your cap (since Arthur couldn't prevent them from buying caps at the concession stand) in a way that will lead people to think—you hope—that you're an athlete. Arthur had them boxed in nicely.

The Carpetbaggers came back from spring training somewhat subdued, and within a month or so they sold their stock to Arthur for the same price they had paid Comiskey. With this triumph, they brushed themselves off and, ever undaunted, looked around for new fields to conquer. Just to the north there were those rumors that Lou Perini, the Lochinvar from the East, wanted out.

The financing of the purchase is of interest to us here because it is directly related to the move to Atlanta.

The Carpetbaggers bought controlling interest in the ball club from the Perini Corporation for $5,737,847. With the brokerage fee, the assumption of existing liabilities and the agreement to turn back to the Perini Corp. some money that was due, the total cost of the purchase came to $6,218,480. That's the figure we will be working with from here on in.

And now for the financing: to pay for the club, they were able to borrow $3 million from the First Wisconsin National Bank. I would assume that Lou Perini helped them get that loan. They also borrowed $900,000 from the Marshall & Ilsley Bank on a 120-day note.

In general terms, they had mortgaged the team to the extent of $3 million. The other $900,000 was an unsecured note, but it, too, had been borrowed on behalf of the Milwaukee Braves, not on behalf of the Carpetbaggers themselves. As soon as they reorganized and formed their own company, the Carpetbaggers sold back 15.4% of the stock to the Perini Corp. for $310,000.

When everything shakes out, we find that the Carpetbaggers had a personal investment of some $2 million, borrowed

continued

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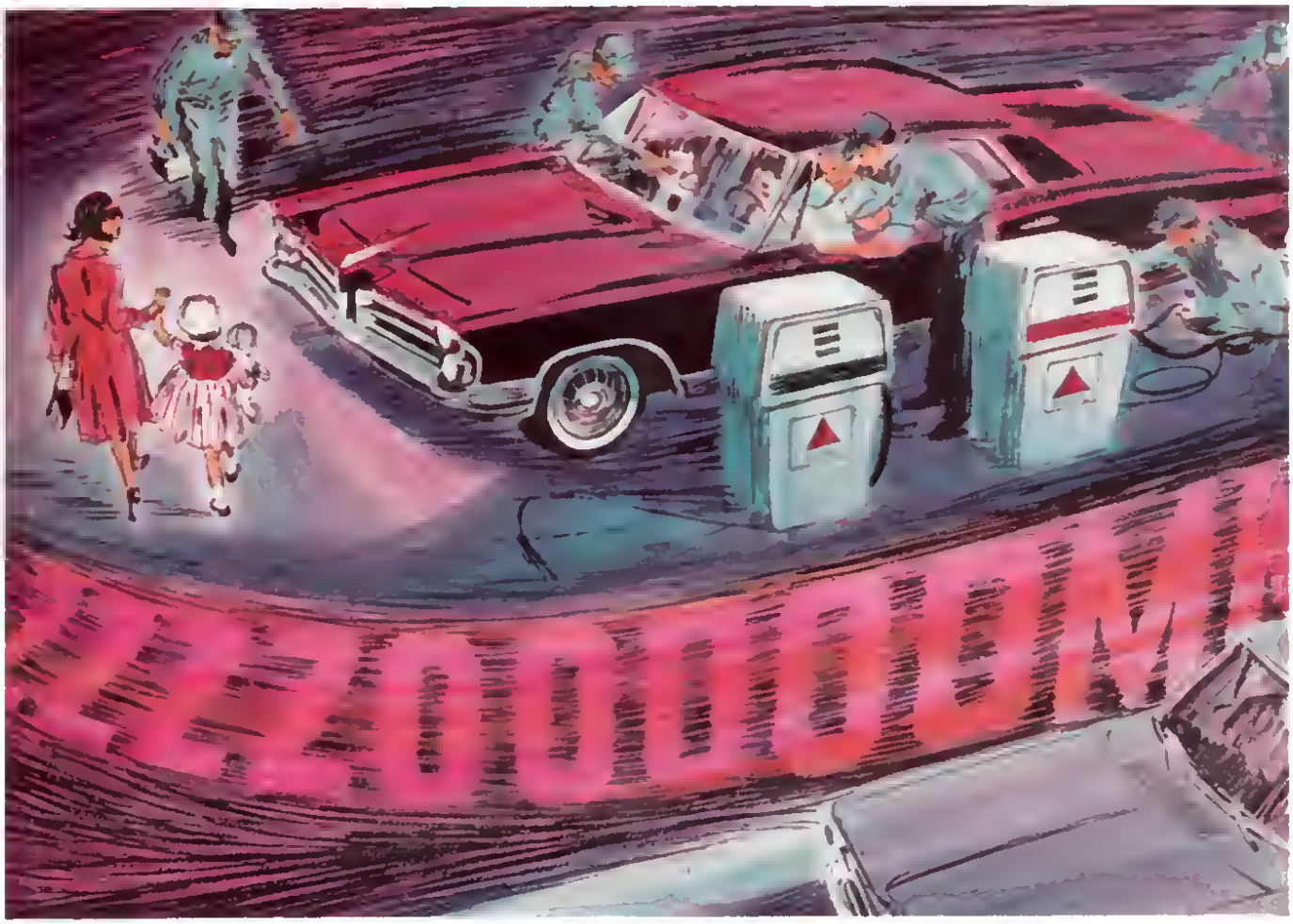
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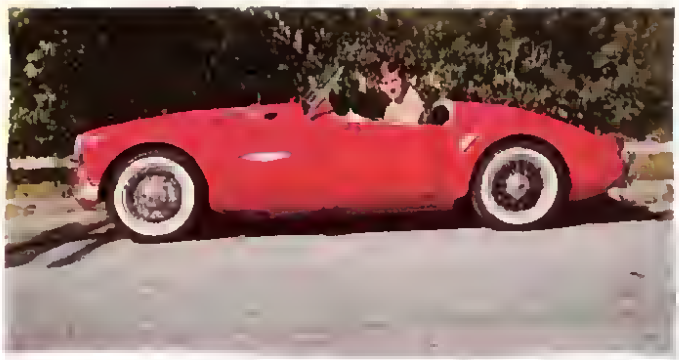
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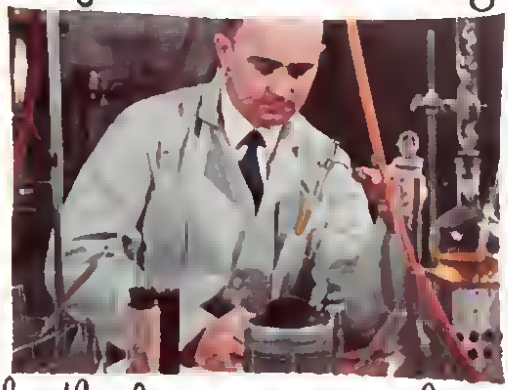
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from assorted banks, and probably guaranteed by Del Coleman. Not a thing wrong about this, students. On the contrary, I want you to absorb these figures because it is the proper way to buy a ball club or anything else. The more you can borrow in the name of the company, the greater percentage of the total stock you are able to buy for a limited amount of money. This is known, in dugouts and locker rooms throughout the land, as leverage.

But the Carpetbaggers' financing had another twist. The 120-day note was due on May 1, 1963, which seemed to mean that our boys would still have to go out and borrow another $900,000 on their *own* names. That kind of thing does not help the leverage at all.

But they had that figured out, too. Their plan was to pay it back and give themselves a little working capital as well by selling 115,000 shares of stock to the residents of Wisconsin at about $10 a share, the same price they and the Perini Corp. had paid. If all the stock was sold to outsiders, the Perini Corp.'s share of ownership would be diluted to 9.8%. The public would own 36.4% and the Carpetbaggers would still have a controlling interest of 53.8%.

It was confidently anticipated, it seems, that the fans would be so overjoyed at this opportunity to become part owners of their ball club that they would snap up the offering. From everything I heard, the Carpetbaggers fully expected the issue to be oversubscribed.

It didn't happen that way at all. Their basic premise about the stock issue was just as bad as their basic premise that Arthur Allyn was a lamb.

Chicago is the last place on earth anybody should come from if he wants to sell stock in Milwaukee. Milwaukee has such an inferiority complex where Chicago is concerned that anybody from the latter is suspect. If you do have the misfortune to be from Chicago, it would be just as well if you are not part of a phalanx of polished young financiers. To the folks of Milwaukee, the whole deal had the uncomfortable smell of city slickers coming in to take over.

There was another handicap that was almost as bad. Perini had already given Milwaukeeans an opportunity to buy a financial interest in the Braves. When the Perini Corp. went public in June 1961, Lou had put the ball club into the corporation as a way of giving the offering a touch of glamour. However, the stock came out at the end of the bull market and was caught in the subsequent slide. The issue sold at something like 13, opened at around 11, and very quickly plummeted to 3½.

So anybody who had wanted to own a piece of the Braves had already bought it. And all he had to show for it was a loss. Any impulse to buy it a second time was not difficult to restrain.

Only 11% of the new offering sold, a blow to the Carpetbaggers. Under the terms of the stock issue they were obliged to buy any of the stock that had not been snapped up, which meant they had to run back to the money marts to borrow another million dollars or so, at what I would assume were considerably worse than prime rates.

The stock issue laid such a bomb that it should have been obvious that it was not a very bright idea. Instead, it seemed only to convince the city slickers that Milwaukee was no longer interested in supporting a big-league team. That's not an unnatural conclusion to reach, I suppose, once you have assumed that you and the team are synonymous. If people are not interested in supporting you and your stock issue they are not interested in supporting you and your team. It is quite possible that the Carpetbaggers, in a pet, turned their shiny eyes toward Atlanta the next morning. Why not? Perini and McHale would already have the preliminary information to pass on to them.

The original plans were for the city of Atlanta to fix up old Ponce de Leon Park so that the Braves could move in the following year, 1964, while the new Atlanta Stadium was under construction. I can't swear that the contracts with Atlanta were promptly signed, but I do know that they were drawn up. The way I know indicates why it is so difficult to keep anything secret in baseball.

The stock issue bombed in April 1963. Then, a few months later, a New York lawyer with whom I am friendly phoned to pass on a piece of information he thought might interest me. He had been in Atlanta on routine business, he said, and on his last day there he had had a farewell lunch with four or five attorneys from the firm with which he had been dealing. When lunch was over, they hastily got up to leave, explaining—by way of apology—that they had to hurry back to the office to get the papers ready for the Milwaukee move to Atlanta.

I immediately called Russ Lynch, who had been the sports editor of *The Milwaukee Journal* when I was there. Russ, a close friend, had become the conservation writer. Russ found my report exceedingly difficult to believe. Rumors had been floating around for some time, he told me, and he assumed they had simply floated, in somewhat exaggerated form, over to me in Easton, Md. "Russell," I said, "you can take my word for it. They're going to move that ball club. Unless somebody does something, the papers are going to be signed within a day or two. I'm calling to warn you that you had better mobilize your forces at the *Journal*."

It pains me to say that because they know me in Milwaukee, I am suspect. "Do you have an angle?" Russ asked.

I tried to tell him that I didn't want to see the team leave Milwaukee because I have some thought of getting back into baseball. I could see where this constant moving, this lack of stability—to say nothing about the impression being created of a lack of honor—would have to hurt everybody.

I called Bobby Uihlein of Schlitz, the TV sponsors. Bobby Uihlein is a director of the First Wisconsin National Bank, where the Carpetbaggers have one of their loans (it is known around the Midwest as the Uihlein Bank), and even he couldn't believe they were dealing that seriously with Atlanta.

By coincidence, the majors were holding a meeting in Chicago that same day. Jim Enright, who was covering the meeting anyway for *Chicago's American*, became suspicious and concentrated on Milwaukee's projected move. Nosing around among his sources, he learned that the Braves had talked to the other clubs, off the record, and that they already had unanimous, if unofficial, permission to go to Atlanta.

The story came back to the *Journal* from Chicago. Now that they had the same story from a totally different source, they decided it had to be legitimate. Immediately, the *Journal* began its campaign to stop the Carpetbaggers from packing.

If you know you want to leave a city and yet you also know you're stuck there for the rest of the year, you have to tread carefully. When O'Malley was

continued

in that spot, he kept saying how heartbroken he would be if an unfeeling city administration forced him to leave his beloved homeland. When L.A. officials, unable to contain themselves, kept breaking the news that the Dodgers were theirs, O'Malley would make clever comments about the reliability of politicians in an election year, sprinkling his words with grins and winks. It was a strategy that served O'Malley well. He never went on the record with a flat denial, and he conned everybody into thinking he was merely using Los Angeles to force the N.Y. officials to give him what he wanted.

The Carpetbaggers didn't have an O'Malley among them, of course, because the O'Malleys don't travel in packs. "We didn't buy the Milwaukee franchise to move it to Atlanta," was what Bartholomay said. "How do those things get started?"

Barked McHale: "Absolutely nothing to it. We recognized when we bought the club that we had a rebuilding job to do. Any city that can average attendance around a million and a half for 10 years as Milwaukee has and average over two million for five years must certainly have basic baseball interest. It's up to us to stir it up again."

The *Journal*'s campaign apparently caused everybody to pull back. At the very least, it ended any thought of trying to move while there was only a minor league stadium—and a bad one, at that—to play in. When plans for a new stadium began to take shape in Atlanta, the Carpetbaggers continued to act as if the whole thing were a complete surprise to them. "I can't imagine the Braves anywhere but in Milwaukee," Bartholomay said. "We bought this club to play in Milwaukee, not in Atlanta, or Seattle or San Diego."

On Sept. 23, 1963, with the season coming to an end, McHale made a formal statement on behalf of the Carpetbaggers. "The Braves will be in Milwaukee today, tomorrow, next year and as long as we are welcome." To connoisseurs of this kind of thin-ice skating, it was apparent that the Carpetbaggers were going to set their own standards as to how many paying customers constituted a wholehearted welcome.

The following February, with another season about to begin, Bartholomay said, "The Braves are going to play in and for Milwaukee; we are not moving elsewhere no matter what you hear. . . . I think that the day of transferring franchises is pretty well over. . . ." Then, on April 10, Bartholomay said, "We are positively not moving. We're playing in Milwaukee—whether you're talking of 1964, '65 or 1975."

As the season progressed, it became apparent that, while the Braves might not be going anywhere, some of their property was. For some reason, too baffling for the human mind, the Braves shipped some of their equipment and records down to Atlanta. The scoreboard for the Atlanta Stadium, it was learned, was being decorated with the Braves' emblem, and the contractor had been offered a $700,000 bonus to have the park ready by Opening Day of 1965. If we didn't have Bartholomay's word for it, it would almost have seemed as if the Braves intended to transfer their franchise.

For their part, the Carpetbaggers continued to be bewildered by all the *malicious talk*. *On July 2* McHale said, "We have definitely made no commitment of any kind to any other city. We have a commitment with the county extending through 1965 and we intend to keep it. . . . How many times do we have to keep answering?"

Two days later, after the Fourth of July fireworks show, the Braves cut off all promotions of their front office and maintenance personnel. That same day Bartholomay, still puzzled by the ugly rumors, said, "Only our board of directors could make a meaningful commitment of this magnitude. This matter has never come up for vote, nor is it scheduled for any future board meeting."

In August, Louisville Sports Editor Earl Ruby quoted an Atlanta advertising man as saying he had an appointment with representatives of the Braves to discuss sponsorship of a radio and television setup in Georgia and surrounding states. "It's the wildest of the wild," said Bartholomay, dismissing it with the good-natured contempt it so obviously deserved.

"It's the same old story we've been hearing for months and years," said McHale, beginning to weary of this hopeless battle against calumny.

But somehow, when the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company offered the Braves a three-year radio and television deal, McHale sang a different song. "There are many other factors and considerations which we must study in the overall picture of major league baseball here," he said. The words may have been *Hello, Dolly!* but the actions were *Good Night, Irene*.

As late as October 11, 1964 Bill Bartholomay could say, "We didn't buy the club to sell it and we didn't buy it to move it. If it works out that way, it will be a personal disappointment."

Three days later Bartholomay, not struggling noticeably to hide his personal disappointment, announced that the Braves were "considering" the move to Atlanta. And not long after that the "considering" became definite.

Who'd have thought it?

When they do move next year, the Carpetbaggers can't help but make money in Atlanta, because they have a TV contract that guarantees success. In Atlanta the sponsors are hitting the entire Southeast. In Milwaukee, where they *are jammed* between *Chicago* and *Minneapolis*, the market area is severely limited.

In their contract with the city, as I understand it, the Carpetbaggers are being given the concessions, the right to set their ticket prices (not to exceed the highest price anywhere else) and some 6,000 parking spaces. The city put up $280,000 to buy the territorial rights from Bill McKechnie, owner of the Atlanta Crackers, and an additional sum to be applied toward the indemnity to the International League. It is also supplying money for moving costs.

There has been a lot of conversation around that Coca-Cola (one of the TV sponsors in Atlanta) has agreed to underwrite whatever losses the Braves may suffer in their final year in Milwaukee. My information is somewhat different. What Coca-Cola has agreed to do, so I've heard, is to advance them money against their TV contract in Atlanta so that they will be able to operate in Milwaukee this year without having to borrow. But I have also heard that the Carpetbaggers are negotiating new loans *in* Atlanta to cover their existing loans in Milwaukee and elsewhere.

The big loan, you will remember, is the $3 million at the First Wisconsin National Bank. The first payment ($500,000) would have fallen due on June 1, 1966, the second a year later, and the final $2 million on June 1, 1968. There

continued

if you had
the Octagon spirit
in 1948, you paid
$1,895 for this MG.
(the price of a
good used one today
is at least $1,500.)



if you get
the Octagon spirit
in 1965, you'll pay
$2,658* for this MGB.
(history is on your
side if you decide
to sell it in 1980.)



When it comes to mothering your money, our octagon marque is practically a second Bank of England. The number of buyers eager to pay outrageous prices for *used* MG sports cars is almost embarrassing.
Of course, that's how it is when one is possessed by the octagon spirit: Other machines simply won't do. Cost is no object. How much? / I'll take it.

It's been that way for 17 years—ever since MG came to America and started the sports car craze. It's that way today—the lusty MGB is America's largest selling sports car.
So a word of advice: Buy *your* classic MGB in 1965. Feel what it's like to control a real sports car—one with race-proven 1798 c.c. engine, positive rack and pinion steering, firm racing suspension and non-fade disc brakes.
Pleasure your eye with MGB's Spartan lines—and all your senses with the anything-but-Spartan interior. (Roll-up windows, snug convertible top, English leather upholstery, bucket seats.)
If you hurry, you'll have just that much longer to enjoy your MGB before 1980 rolls around ...and someone offers you a price you just can't turn down.

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Here's the superb sound you expect from Magnavox...in portables with all the powerful performance, long-range reception and rugged reliability Magnavox is famed for. Choose from a wide variety at your Magnavox dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) and save middleman costs.

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had to be profits or the poor chaps would have had to pay for the club themselves, a terrible fate.

It is almost impossible not to make money on a baseball club when you are buying it new, because, unless you become inordinately successful, you pay no income tax at all. It is, in fact, quite possible for a big-league club to go on forever without paying any income tax. All that is necessary is that it be sold often enough.

Look, we play *The Star-Spangled Banner* before every game. You want us to pay income taxes too? There are those chronic critics who are forever complaining that baseball is a favored business because of our special exemptions from the antitrust laws. Given certain very pleasant conditions, we also have a tax write-off that might have been figured out by a Texas oilman.

It wasn't figured out by a Texas oilman. It was in part figured out by a Chicago hustler. Me. But it was perfected by Nate Dolin, to whom I sold the Cleveland Indians. He worked out the details and brought the plan to fruition.

I probably should keep my mouth shut about it, because I may be buying another club myself some day. If I'm going to explain this, though, I will have to do it right. Besides, it's the kind of a financial gimmick that is worth the best efforts of all would-be hustlers.

I will keep the historical background brief and, let us all hope, decently lucid. Historically, when you bought a ball club you bought the ballplayers as part of the inventory, just as you'd be buying the machines in a manufacturing plant. In liquidating the old company and forming your new company, you simply transferred the players, like any other assets, from their books to yours. When you bought a player yourself, you charged him off as an operating expense, like any other operating expense.

It seemed to me far more logical in forming the new company to buy the players from the old company when you liquidate, in distinct and separate transactions. Once you did this, you had assets, which you could depreciate over a period of time. If you expect to make a lot of money fast, you're better off being able to write them off as quickly as possible. If you don't expect to strike a bonanza, the longer you can spread it out the better. O.K.?

The first thing you have to decide, then, is how much of the purchase price you can attribute to the players. Since they are the same players, no matter what valuation you place upon them, the more you can charge off against them the better.

O.K., what are you buying when you buy a big-league ball club? You are buying three things: the franchise, the players' contracts and a place to play, *i.e.*, either a park or a lease that allows you to play in somebody else's park. (The park can be depreciated too, but this is covered by a guideline and it takes some 33⅓ years to write off the basic concrete and steel structure.)

In our case in point, Milwaukee played in County Stadium, so no park was involved in the purchase. That leaves only the franchise and the players' contracts. The less you can charge off to the franchise, the more you are paying for the players. It has become customary in recent years to place the worth of the franchise at $50,000—almost a token figure. The Government has not wholly accepted this evaluation, and has, in fact, challenged it in New York, Cleveland and Detroit. (You will notice that in expansion there was no charge for the franchise at all. The initiation fee took the form of exorbitant prices for lousy ballplayers.) Still, $50,000 was the price which the Carpetbaggers, following the general practice, used. Everything else was attributed to the players.

Everything means *everything*. It means not only the price that was paid to the Perini Corp. but the entire cost of the acquisition (including the $160,000 broker fee, the bills they were taking over from the Perini Corp. and the accounts receivable that still belonged to the Perini Corp.). After the $50,000 had been deducted, the figure came to $6,168,480.

Being aware that the days of the two million annual attendances were ended, the Carpetbaggers depreciated the players over the full 10-year period. What all this means, students, is that for the first 10 years of their operation they have an annual tax write-off of $616,848. Put in a slightly different way, they will pay no federal taxes on their first $616,848 profit. Since the corporate tax is set at 48%, they would thus save $296,087 per year. If you want to be cynical you might even say that the Government was paying half of their purchase price for them.

continued



Amazing new money-saving device -the 1965 Falcon!

Falcon for '65 delivers livelier performance *plus* up to 15% better gas economy (a new 170 cu. in. standard Six with optional 3-spced Cruise-O-Matic transmission is the magic formula). Other Falcon economies: a 6-month (or 6000-mile) service schedule. New battery-saving alternator. And, a low, *low* initial price. Is Falcon the best car for the least money this year (best-looking, too)? You can bank on it!

Best year yet to go Ford!
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"A room overlooking the pool sounds fine."

Long Distance is a big help when you're planning a trip. You can phone ahead for reservations, then you know you'll have a nice place to stay. Try it next trip and see. Wherever you go...go first by Long Distance.

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After that original $616,848 profit, they do pay taxes, right? Well, if they're silly they do. In baseball, the cost of player replacement is a very considerable item. I would suspect that anybody who was unable to find a way to spend his surplus profits on new players is in the wrong business.

After 10 years, though, you are on your own. Right? You have written off almost the entire purchase price and you have been charging off your new player purchases as a normal operating expense. The time has come to face the world without the aid and comfort of the Internal Revenue Service.

You haven't learned a thing, have you? After 10 years, you sell! And the guy you sell to can start depreciating *his* entire purchase price (less $50,000) all over again.

Because here's the thing: as a seller, you are selling more than just the franchise and the players. You are selling the right to depreciate. This is the real reason why the price of ball clubs has been going up, up, up into the stratosphere.

The more the price goes up, the more the ballplayers are worth and the higher the tax write-off becomes. But as the price goes up, it also becomes more and more difficult for an individual to buy a ball club. Even with a syndicate like the Carpetbaggers the cost of borrowing money gets to be something of a drag. As a result, the corporations have been moving in. CBS is the horrible example, but Autry, Fetzer, Busch *et al.* have all bought their clubs on behalf of a corporate empire. A corporation not only has the money, but any losses incurred by the ball club can be offset against corporate profits if the club is operated as a division of the corporation. Old-line owners don't enjoy this kind of write-off, of course. On the other hand, they bought their clubs at a fraction of what they go for today.

As new owners put their clubs up for sale once their write-off period comes to an end or as old sportsmen die, the corporations will take over. Private syndicates like the Carpetbaggers will move the club before they will sacrifice these carry-over losses. Because there is that one catch to the write-offs. You have to make profits to utilize the losses. If you make no profits you save nothing.

The Carpetbaggers, with their huge

continued

No slide projector ever looked like this before... or did as much

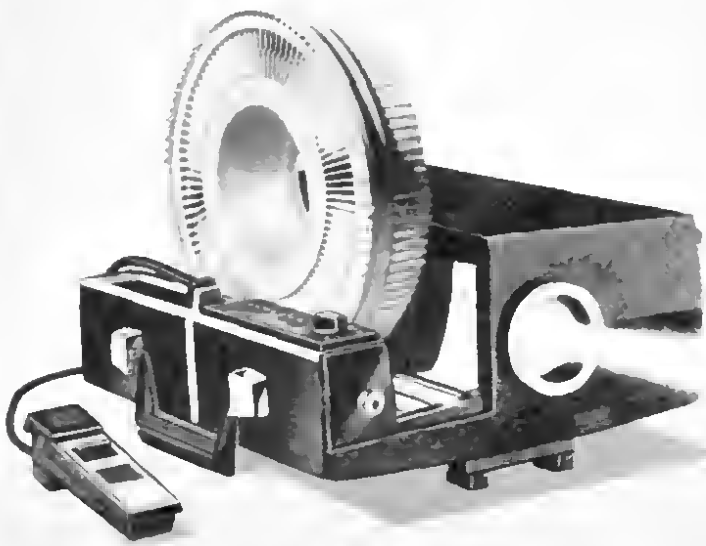
It's the dramatically successful Sawyer's.

Shows 100 slides non-stop with new circular tray. Takes regular trays, too. Can even show up to 40 slides automatically without a tray.

Shows 35mm slides, Super Slides, and slides from instant cartridge cameras.

No other projector, at any price, does so much, so well.

From less than $55. Deluxe Rotomatic® Slide Projector shown, less than $120.



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bank loans, were not making any money in Milwaukee. They were not losing what they claimed to be losing either. Their book loss in 1964 was about $45,000, but since the interest on their loan came to $150,000 it is obvious that they really had a net income from operations of more than $104,000.

What they were losing were all those beautiful carry-over losses. No one can sympathize with them more than me because I know that 100-cent dollars are the hardest ones to lose. By the end of 1965 a lot of crisp green dollars will have slipped away from the Carpetbaggers.

Ah, but not completely. The money has not yet gone with the wind. The tax laws allow you to carry forward this kind of operating loss over a five-year period. When the Carpetbaggers go marching into Atlanta, with their ragged band of Braves, they should really be singing *We Shall Overtake*. They still have three years to overtake the first year's write-off, four years to overtake the second year and five years to overtake the third.

In those first few years at Atlanta, when enthusiasm will be at a peak—and profits quite probably guaranteed—they will not only be getting their fixed annual depreciation, they will be picking up the three years they have lost.

So why should they stay in Milwaukee? They're in the game to make money, aren't they? Would I, you are entitled to ask, turn my back on big money?

I don't know what I'd do. My resistance to money has not always been inspiring. There's one thing I do know, though. I do know that this floating crap game is bad for baseball. I do know that the Milwaukee situation has disgusted the entire nation. Nobody connected with baseball seems to want to stop this trend except Art Allyn.

That leaves it up to Commissioner Ford Frick, who is presumably meant to represent the interests of baseball when those interests conflict with the understandably selfish interests of individual owners. Frick? No need to tell you how he stands on the Carpetbagger affair. Why, he considers it a league matter.

NEXT WEEK

Bill Veeck, the master showman, examines the art of promotion and reveals some delightful and hilarious gimmicks he will unleash on the world —if and when he returns to baseball.



If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

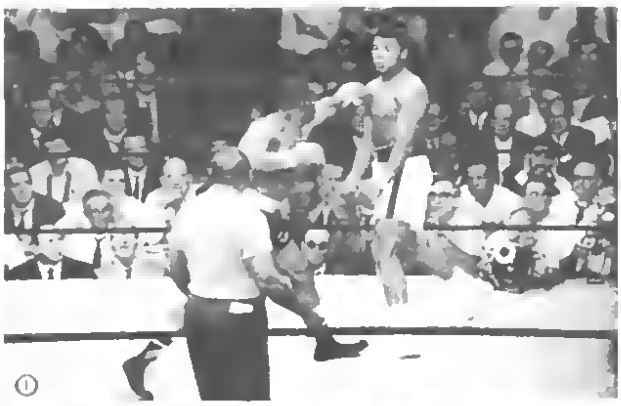
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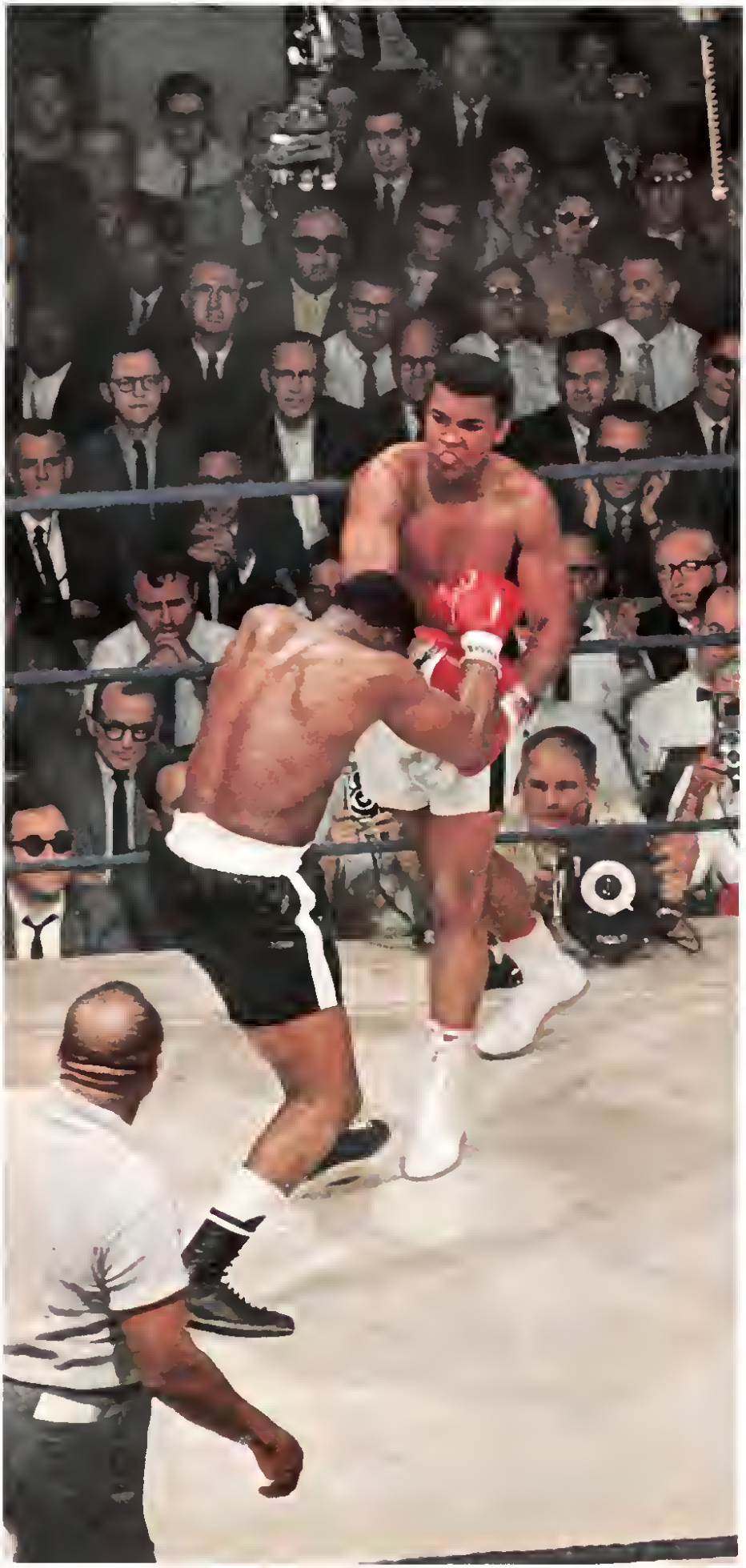




NO PHANTOM PUNCH

In a high school ice-hockey arena in Lewiston, Me. Sonny Liston became the loneliest man in the world. Once considered invincible, the challenger for the heavyweight title sprawls stunned on the canvas in the remarkable overhead view at the right while Referee Joe Walcott tries to shove Champion Muhammad Ali —Cassius Clay to you, perhaps—into a neutral corner. Clay is shouting for Liston to get up and fight, as did spectators throughout the country. But the punch that dropped Liston midway through the first round kept him addled for at least 17 seconds. Liston could not get up. The blow was seen by only a small percentage of those who watched the fight. The impact of it, however, is plainly shown in the action sequence at left. In the top photograph (1) Liston lunges a left jab toward Clay, who drops his hands and pulls back his chin to make the jab miss. With Liston open and off balance, Clay starts a right-hand counter. In the time it takes Liston's left to move only several inches, Clay's potent right has already risen from his side to above his hip (2). Clay's left foot is solidly planted for full leverage as his glove—the white crescent visible beside Liston's head (3)—zips over Liston's extended left hand. The punch lands on Liston's jaw (4) with a rattling smack as Clay pivots off his right foot for power. The force of the blow lifts Liston's left foot, which was carrying most of his weight, off the floor (note shadow beneath) and snaps his head downward. Using his remarkable speed to excellent advantage, Clay followed the right with a left hook. But in the instant it took that left hook to arrive, Liston fell. On the following pages the only color photographs to be published of the big fight show the knockout and its aftermath.









CLAY'S HARD PUNCH (*left*) was a short, twisting overhand right that landed flush on the side of Liston's jaw, out of TV camera range.

FORCE OF THE BLOW, enhanced by the fact that Liston was lunging in, dropped the challenger and left him helplessly uncoordinated.



THE DRUBBING

BY JIM MURRAY

Among the few observers who had a clear view of the fight as well as its implications was Jim Murray, one of America's most trenchant—and acerbic—sportswriters. Murray, formerly with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, *now writes a syndicated column for the Los Angeles Times. The following are excerpts from the story he filed immediately after the fight.*

King Kong got knocked off the Empire State Building. Cassius Marcellus Aladdin Mulligan Montmorency O'Toole Clay took only 60 seconds of Sonny Liston's time to knock him kicking in a setting as improbable as the fight.

Sonny Liston hit the floor like a guy slipping on a cake of soap getting out of the bathtub. This is the second time this fight has ended with several thousand people looking at each other and asking, "What happened?"

Well, I'll tell you what happened. That's what I'm here for. Sonny Liston got the hell beat out of him is what happened. This time I was looking for it and I saw it: an old man groping his way into a speedy insolent reckless kid. He was like a guy braving a barrage of rocks. He hasn't hit Cassius Clay yet. And he never will.

The closest he ever got to the world's foremost Arabian fistfighter was the weigh-in. When he didn't hit him then he was volunteering for an evening of catching. He should have worn a catcher's mitt on his face.

I counted three times when Cassius staggered him. The first time was when the bell echo hadn't died down yet. Cassius is an ad-lib fighter, and he thought up a beaut to get this dance under way—a right cross. Nobody ever started a heavyweight title fight with a right before. That's the kind of dirty trick your wife would try. But Cassius messed up Liston's unpretty features with a crazy right that he started to throw when he left his corner. Liston should have known then and there that his ploy was to find a soft place to land.

We all knew Sonny was slow, but we didn't think he'd need to call a cab to get to center ring. Actually, he should have called a cab to take him home. Two years ago we were saying this guy was the best heavyweight in history. Now, he's not even the best heavyweight in Lewiston. And if you think that isn't a comedown, you've never been to Lewiston.

Sonny fought as if his feet hurt. If he was a horse they would have scratched him. Cassius could have beat him in high heels.

They tried to drum some strategy into Sonny that was Napoleonic in concept. He was counseled on how to cut off Cassius' retreat in mid-ring. The only trouble was Sonny always got there after Cassius left. His problem seemed to be he had to surround Clay.

The closest Liston ever got to Clay was the same ring. In my fight notes, if you care, I have "CC stops L with a right" and later "CC staggers him" and then "L leaped at him." That was the trouble. To get at Cassius, Liston would have had to set the broad-jump record.

The orderly thing to do would have been for Cassius to go to his corner in an orderly manner. But Cassius never does anything in an orderly manner. But it doesn't detract from the fact that he drubbed the man we all thought he should fight with bullets. We thought only a silver bullet would floor Liston. It turned out a right cross could do it. If I were that cop in St. Louis whose leg he broke, I'd get a rematch with Sonny.

The only trouble with Cassius Clay is that, if ever a guy misplayed a role in history, it was he. Not Anna Sten in her worst movie could have topped this. You have to think Cassius would play Hamlet for laughs and the Marx Brothers as a tearjerker.

When he came along he was America's sweetheart, the guy who was going to kick sand back in the bully's face. He was going to show that crime didn't pay. Sonny Liston at that time would have been the sentimental underdog in a rattlesnake hunt.

It took Cassius and a bunch of shaved-headed, agate-eyed types one year to turn Liston into the most popular public favorite since St. George. They gave Cassius the part of the marshal in *High Noon*, and he wanted to be the guy in the black hat. He's the kind of guy who could get people rooting against the doctors in an epidemic.

For 364 days, 23 hours and 59 minutes he might be a whacked-up kid. But for 60 seconds Tuesday night he beat Sonny Liston so bad he'll probably need help getting in and out of bed for a week. Whatever Cassius Clay is or believes in, he's all ours. Sonny Liston couldn't get close enough to hit him with a bucket of birdseed. It's going to be terrible on the ears, but Cassius is right back where you have to listen to him and he's coming in loud and clear. **END**

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REFUSING TO GO TO NEUTRAL CORNER, A SNARLING CLAY CHALLENGES LISTON TO GET UP

PEOPLE

Edward Charles (Whitey) Ford (*below*), an elderly ex-pitching coach, stopped off at New York's Roosevelt Raceway the other day to spend a few idle hours training harness horses for Owner **Billy Haughton.** The next day Ford pitched a three-hitter. Haughton thinks the Standardbreds helped Whitey relax, and Whitey thinks so, too. Fortunately for Ford, who has always been crazy about horses and three-hitters, the baseball rule that forbids players to own racing horses doesn't say anything about training them.

Patrick Wayne, son of John Wayne, may be the first man in recorded history to eat his way out of a world fishing record. Down in Baja California Sur, off Socorro Island with angling friends, the 25-year-old actor got most of the action. He landed the heaviest marlin, the heaviest dolphin, the heaviest yellowfin tuna and a huge wahoo. That wahoo, landed on 30-pound test line, called for special care in measuring: it was 74 inches long, had a girth of 34 inches and weighed an estimated (because there were no scales on board) 125 pounds. Wahoo being tasty, the fish was filleted and fashioned into a fine repast. Yep, someone just happened to check the record book when they got back. The International Game Fish Association record for a wahoo caught on 30-pound line is 73½ inches long, 33 inches in girth and 98 pounds 10 ounces in weight. All measurements are below those of Pat's fish, which is ineligible because it is already digested. "At least," said Wayne, swallowing the last of his disappointment, "that wahoo was mighty good eating."

Sculptor **Carl Christian Mose**, commissioned to do the 9-foot bronze figure of **Stan Musial** for St. Louis' new riverfront stadium, is fast becoming an expert on baseball (or at least on The Man, which—as any St Louisan can tell you—is practically the same thing). "He's a good subject," says Mose. "From chest to waist Musial is like a wedge. That's where he got the power." The real measure of Mose's perception, however, is his awareness of one little pitcher-intimidating detail. "What bothers me," confesses the artist, "is how to put that little wiggle in Musial's stance. You know—he gets set, then shakes that fanny. Maybe we'll just have to put a motor in the statue."

"I have to keep trim like a fighter, diet rigidly and just keep slugging away," says Pop Pianist **Roger Williams.** Onetime amateur lightweight, Williams is convinced that physical stamina is needed for survival in popular music and cites his 140 concerts a year, minimum of 46 recording sessions (he has sold 11 million records) and need for constant practice besides. Slug away is just what Williams does. He still punches a light bag when he isn't working on judo or karate.

It was the first time, and almost certainly the last time, that this couple would be featured on the society page of a paper as cosmopolitan as the Portland *Telegram*, only Sunday newspaper published in the state of Maine. "**Mrs. Charles Liston**, a visitor to Maine from Denver, Colo.," *Telegram* readers were fascinated to learn, "was not at her hotel upon our arrival. It turned out she was in Lewiston at the laundromat." Elegant in "lavender stretch pants and a trench coat, her hair straight in bouffant style," Geraldine finally appeared and "spoke affectionately of her husband as Charles but we know him as Sonny." Absorbed subscribers were also able to devour the interesting information that Sonny loves, among other things, fried chicken, corn on the cob fried in butter, two-crust strawberry pie, peach cobbler and pound cake. That could explain something.

"It seems you can't do anything in this town without breaking some ordinance," grumbled Dallas Mayor Pro Tem **R. B. Carpenter Jr.** But the city council approved another one anyway. It is now officially illegal to ride a bike inside a public building in Dallas. One dissenting councilman, **Bill Roberts**, was quite disturbed. "Does this apply to bears riding bikes in circuses?" he asked. "What about bicycle races in Dallas Memorial Auditorium or at the State Fair?" The new ordinance was provoked by a Dallasite who finally rebelled against those labyrinthine airports. This gentleman had been wont to enter Love Field terminal, assemble a portable bicycle and careen madly down the long, long corridors to catch his plane.

Congressman **Omar Burleson**, a Democrat from Anson, Texas, writes a weekly newsletter to his constituents. One of Burleson's latest advised the voters: "Not all fishermen are the Lord's apostles, and the love of fishing and the payment of debts does not make a perfect man. On the other hand, it is doubted there are very many out-and-out rascals who like to fish." The Congressman signed the letter, shorter than usual: "Gone Fishing."

The rubber-suited grandmother water skiing one-handed at Ruislip Lido is, of course, England's **Lady Docker** (*below*). Who else would it be but the only woman ever banned from Monaco by Prince Rainier, the only woman ever to ride about London in a gold-plated Daimler? Now 58 and recently recovered from a two-year virus illness, Lady Docker chose this means of re-entry into the Jet Set. She also hopes it will put her in condition for the rigors of a forthcoming three-month yacht cruise.







a few words to a man who hopes his son gets to college on a scholarship.

Good luck. But don't forget he'll be competing with thousands of other boys.

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*



UNDER THE BRITISH PAIR'S ALLEGED SIGNAL SYSTEM, TWO FINGERS CLOSED SHOW TWO HEARTS. TWO FINGERS APART SHOW FIVE

Four-finger exercise

Italy's victory in the recent World Championship in Buenos Aires, its seventh world title in a row, was overshadowed by the sorry news on the final day of the tournament that Great Britain's leading pair, Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro, had been accused of cheating. Although both Reese and Schapiro have emphatically denied the charges, British Captain Ralph Swimer, on hearing the evidence, conceded his team's matches against Argentina and the U.S.

What follows are firsthand reports by two men who were involved, John Gerber, captain of the U.S. team, and Mr. Reese, one of the world's great players.

My part in the drama in Buenos Aires began on Friday afternoon, May 21, when B. Jay Becker, a member of my team, told me that he had strong reason to believe that the leading British pair, Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro, were cheating. Becker had become suspicious of the British pair early in the week and had spoken about the matter to his partner, Dorothy Hayden, and to Alan Truscott of *The New York Times*.

Britain had just started the day's play against Italy, and fortunately Reese and Schapiro were in the pit, a playing area surrounded by a temporary grandstand. It was the only spot where the players could be seen in action. The other three tables of play were closed to the public.

After I had watched a few deals I was convinced that Reese and Schapiro were "playing piano," using a scale of four notes. On every deal they would put one, two, three or four fingers firmly behind their cards, in full view of each other.

As captain of the U.S. team, I clearly had to report these facts to Robin MacNab and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, president and president emeritus of the American Contract Bridge League. Both men watched Reese and Schapiro play and observed the finger signals in action.

On a series of five deals I noted on the back of a scorecard the number of fingers shown by each player. Later I found that Mrs. Hayden had kept a similar record, which covered almost all the deals in the session of play. Subsequently this record proved to be of great significance, although at the time we had no idea what these figures could mean.

During the second afternoon session Reese and Schapiro did not play together, but that night they did, not in the pit but in one of the closed rooms. Von Zedtwitz had the right to enter the closed rooms, and again he watched the signals in operation.

At 9 a.m. the following morning I had a call from Truscott, who told me that the code had been broken, and half an hour later he was in my room with a full explanation. At 4 a.m. he had gone to an all-night restaurant with Becker and Mrs. Hayden, and together they had compared the finger movements as noted by Mrs. Hayden with the official records of the deals being played at the time.

The key to the code was the heart suit. Whenever a player held one heart, one finger was showing. When he held two hearts, two fingers were showing, and similarly with three and four hearts. Two fingers spread meant five hearts, three fingers spread indicated six, and so on.

I immediately called MacNab and Von Zedtwitz, who came to my room. Truscott explained the code, and the primary evidence seemed conclusive. There had been some cases in which Reese had held his cards with a drooping little finger, and it was not clear whether three or four fingers were intended to be showing. But counting these cases as three or four, every observation by Mrs. Hayden checked with the heart-suit code that we assumed to be operating.

At this point I referred to my notes, which covered some deals not observed by Mrs. Hayden, and there were no discrepancies.

We then turned to the secondary evidence: the recorded performance of Reese and Schapiro throughout the tournament. If the two players did have illegal knowledge of each other's heart length, we could expect that they would find good heart lits and avoid bad ones. Opening no-trump leads against unrevealing bidding would also be suggestive. If, when they were on defense, they held eight or more cards in hearts, a heart lead could be expected. Conversely, heart leads would be avoided when the opponents held the majority of cards in that suit.

continued



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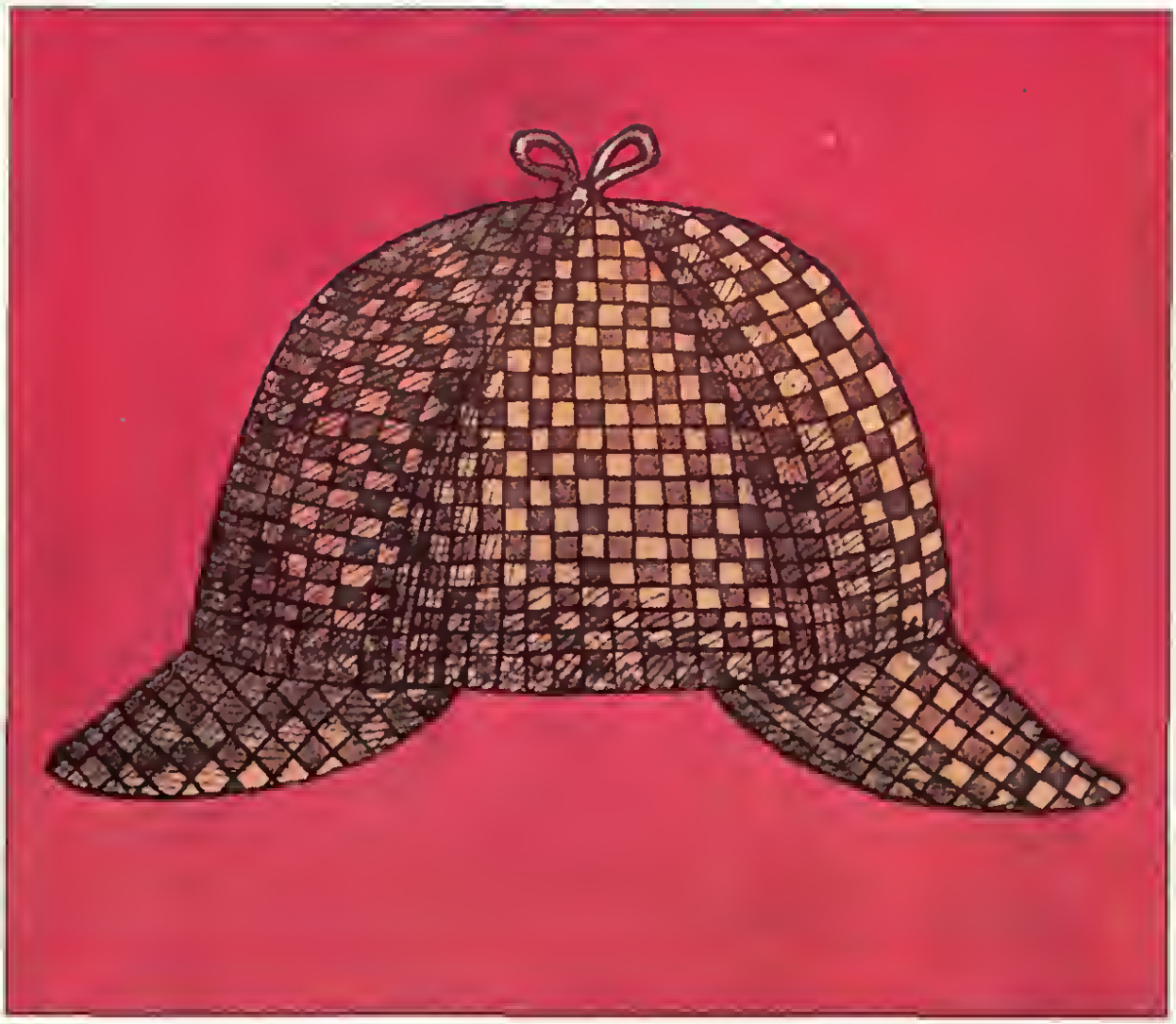
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Reese and Schapiro proved to have done very well with the heart suit. Only once had they reached a bad heart fit and not once had they failed to reach a good heart fit. Whenever they led a heart against no-trump they held at least eight cards *in the suit*.

At this stage we all felt that the time had come to inform the British captain, Ralph Swimer. Swimer is a quiet and pleasant man with a great record in England as a player. He has always kept clear of bridge politics, but he was now to play a key role in the greatest crisis in the history of international bridge.

Disbelief was his first reaction, as it had been with Truscott and most of the other witnesses. We agreed with Swimer that we should call in Geoffrey Butler, who was the chairman of the World Bridge Federation's Appeals Committee and also chairman of the British Bridge League, which sent the British team to play in the world championship.

Swimer and Butler conferred together during the early part of the afternoon, examining the evidence and inspecting the official records. All of us took a quick look at the pit, where Reese was playing with Jeremy Flint, another British player. As we expected, finger movements were conspicuously absent. It was clear that the other four British players were entirely innocent.

Swimer decided to put Reese and Schapiro in the pit, where he and Butler could watch them. Both men took notes and these were compared with the official records during committee meetings on the following day.

Butler called a meeting of his Appeals

continued



CAPTAIN GERBER: I AM CONVINCED.

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Committee for the following morning, and Swimer, Truscott and I were invited to be present. After the committee heard the evidence Reese and Schapiro were summoned to the meeting. They denied the charges absolutely, with Reese, cool, calm and collected as ever, acting as spokesman for the pair.

The Appeals Committee then called a meeting of the full World Bridge Federation Executive, which was in session for the rest of the day. Charles Solomon, the president of the World Bridge Federation, was in the chair, and General Alfred Gruenther, the honorary president as well as the former NATO Supreme commander, was also present.

Soon after midnight the championships came to an end in the saddest possible way. The World Bridge Federation announced that it had investigated certain irregularities, and that a report would be forwarded to the British Bridge League. Swimer announced that he would concede the British matches against Argentina and the U.S., the first of which was already won and the second almost won.

It has long been my ambition to defeat Italy, but I would gladly give up a world championship if by doing so I could remove the events of Buenos Aires from the pages of bridge history and from my own mind.

—JOHN GERBER

FOR THE DEFENSE

During the 1958 World Championship match between Italy and the U.S., a few journalists were allowed in the closed room to watch the play from a distance. The atmosphere was tense. Suddenly the swarthy Giorgio Belladonna leaped to his feet and in a tone of mock horror cried: "I can see my partner's feet."

This was in the early days of Italian supremacy, and the Americans, or, at any rate, one of the more bellicose among them, had insisted that the Italians keep their hands below the table during the bidding. The clear implication was that signals were being exchanged, and now Belladonna was mocking them.

There have been many other such accusations, and I am glad to say that I have never believed any of them. Moreover, I have always publicly expressed my disbelief. It is devastatingly easy to say that two players have an unfair understanding. It cannot be proved, but by the same token it cannot be disproved.

continued

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Now let us turn to the history of this present affair. Although Boris Schapiro and I both sensed a hostile atmosphere directed toward us during much of the tournament, neither of us anticipated the finale. On the last day of the championship he and I were called to a meeting of the Appeals Committee and told that an American player had observed what he described as unnatural ways of hold-



PLAYER REESE. NOTHING TO REGRET . . .

ing the cards, that our "code" had been broken and that various independent observers had noted a coincidence between the way we held our cards and our length in a particular suit. It sounded appalling and, as presented, convincing. Worst of all, the British captain, Ralph Swimer, played the role of devil's advocate, failing to defend us.

"What strikes me, as a layman," said General Gruenther at a later interview, "is that you don't seem to make any violent rebuttal of these charges."

"Well, you tell me, General," I replied, "how does one rebut this sort of accusation?"

If somebody says that you made certain movements on certain occasions, and that there was a pattern to it, what can you say? On that point, nothing. You can only ask for examination of what stands in writing—the match records—and ask for certain commonsense angles to be considered.

"Go through the records of the entire week," I asked them, "and see if there

continued



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—DAN GURNEY



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is any suggestion at all of collusive play. Did we make one single psychic bid that turned out well? A single brilliant lead? Didn't we, on the contrary, make a number of mistakes in both bidding and play that would be very unlikely for a pair that had a code?"

They showed me some hands where we reached a good contract in hearts. "I have only had time to look at a few of the records in this light," said the principal accuser on this point, "but I admit there was one rather curious hand where the responder held 10 8 7 4 in hearts and A 4 3 2 in diamonds and responded one heart—which gave you a very poor result." "I remember another hand," I said, "where we played in three no trump with a singleton heart in one hand and a doubleton in the other. The opponents ran off seven heart tricks. Five diamonds was a laydown." "Oh, I haven't come across that hand," said the accuser.

Next let us examine what might be called the commonsense angles. First, we lost to Italy by over 120 IMPs, the biggest reverse I have suffered in 30 years of tournament play. We just might have done a bit better if Schapiro and I had known about one another's cards. Secondly, we knew that we were being watched. During the last session played I even noticed an official taking notes at my side, someone who had sat near us before, and I wondered what it was all about. Thirdly, all the members of the British team have often played both against Schapiro and myself, and all would have said—and have said subsequently—that they regard us as extremely fair and ethical players.

What of the future? Schapiro says that he will never play tournament bridge again. I haven't made up my mind about that. Certainly in most ways there wouldn't be much to regret. I say nothing personal about the people involved in the case, but the world of tournament bridge is full of envious and evil-minded maggots that no self-respecting stone would shelter.

I know that I can always play, if I want to, in France or Italy. After the matches I had lunch with members of the Italian team. Their assurance, combined with that of my own teammates, that they do not believe a single word of the story, is more important to me than what any of the others say.

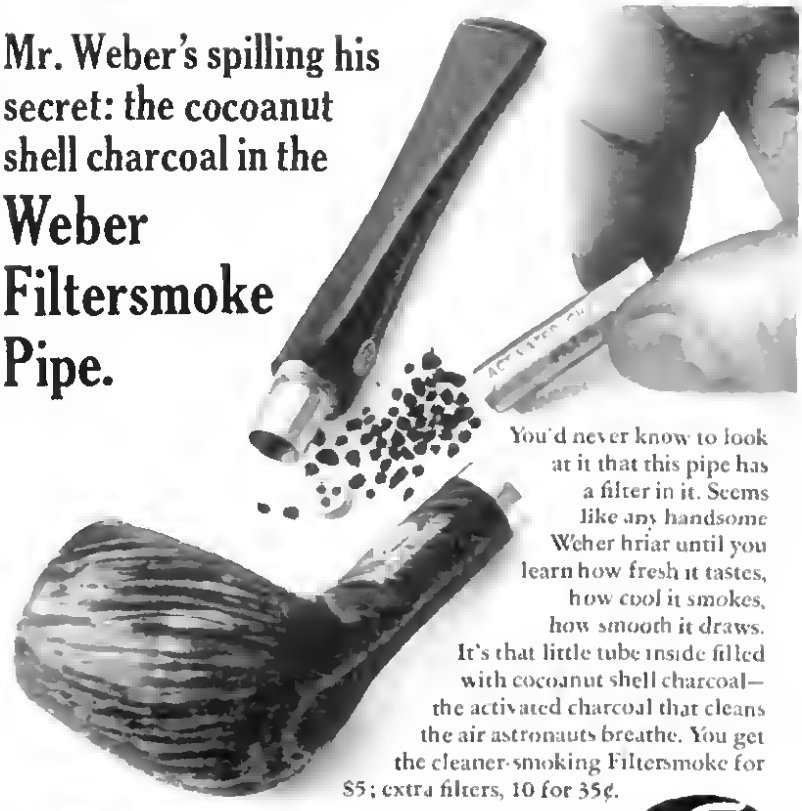
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When the head dips below its proper position the plane of the swing shifts, causing club to hit in back of the ball.

Hitting fat? Go have your head examined

When a golfer starts hitting the ground behind the ball instead of the ball itself he is doing what is called "hitting fat." It is an infuriating habit to fall into, easy on the ball but awfully hard on the score and the ego. Fortunately, it is an ailment that can be cured easily. The problem is usually nothing more than a head that is changing its plane during the swing and thus changing the plane of the swing itself. This happens two different ways. You may be dipping your head just before impact, thus lowering the level of the swing. Younger golfers are prone to do this. Or you may be allowing your head to sway to the right during the backswing. This shifts the plane of the swing to the right. The cure, obviously, is to keep a steady head throughout the swing. If hitting fat is a mistake you frequently make, try some practice shots while a friend watches to see if your head is dipping or swaying. If it is dipping, just stop it, primarily by concentrating on holding firm. If it is swaying, you can help yourself by pushing down hard against the inside of the right foot during the backswing, thus thwarting any tendency to shift the head to the right.

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CONSERVATION / John O'Reilly

Water wanted for a parched park

A big impoundment in the north and a projected road in the south could choke Florida's Everglades

Stanley C. Joseph, the short, round-faced superintendent of Everglades National Park, stood by a window in his office, gazing toward a nearby pond that was so low it resembled a desert water hole. He stares at that pond frequently these days, for it is a gauge of his worst anxiety. "If we don't get water," he said, "it will mean the end of the park as we know it today."

Oddly enough, Joseph was not complaining about lack of rainfall in the park, although that has compounded his woes. He was referring to one of the strangest conservation struggles in the nation—the effort of the Everglades

continued



ALLIGATOR TRACK (foreground) marks the drying mud that was once the bottom of a pool.

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National Park to get its share of the natural drainage water of south Florida. Between Lake Okeechobee and the park the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is completing one of the biggest flood-control and water-distribution projects of its kind in the world. Out of it, because of the water-release schedule, the park has gotten only a trickle.

As Joseph looked at the shrunken pond he could have repeated what experts in many fields have been saying: 1) lack of fresh water moving through the Everglades from the north could mean the end of the park's fine sport fishing for snook, redfish and other species, 2) it could mean the impairment or possible loss of the commercial fishing for sea trout and stone crab in Florida Bay; 3) it could do great harm to the shrimp industry at the Dry Tortugas shrimping grounds 100 miles away. Scientists have recently informed Joseph that each one of those millions of shrimp harvested at Dry Tortugas passes part of its life in Everglades National Park.

Since Joseph was given the task of solving the Everglades' water problem, he has pushed scientific studies of the area's ecology to prove the park's need for fresh water. Armed with these studies, he has pleaded the park's case to the Army engineers and the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District. The latter administers the gargantuan complex of canals, dikes, impoundments and pumping stations. So far, alarmingly little has been pumped the park's way, despite an agreement for an interim flow of water, pending eventual settlement of the problem.

When the time for the release came, one of the gates just north of the park was opened an inch, and for a week water flowed into the park at the rate of 10 cubic feet per second. The parched land absorbed this ridiculously small amount in no time. "It was like spitting out the window," a member of the park staff said.

Ed Dail, executive director of the Flood Control District, explains that the giant system cannot deliver water to the park without hurting the farmers in the big vegetable- and sugar-growing area south of Lake Okeechobee. Dail says that under the present system, of every 20 gallons of water pumped into the park 12 would be drawn off the farmers' land.

Park officials argue that the water-

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release scheduling was inadequate in any case. They claim that at the same time the park was getting its 10 cubic feet per second this spring another 1,000 cubic feet per second was being dumped into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean through canals and rivers. This dumping is done to lower the level of Lake Okeechobee and lessen flood danger before the rains come this month.

One thing seems obvious whatever the original intention, the $381 million system, as it now functions, is not helping the park Meanwhile the Corps of Engineers, operating on a $205,000 appropriation from Congress, has been making a study of the situation. The corps is still three years away from reaching a solution. More money must be appropriated for further study.

That Florida should have a water problem is a mystery to outsiders. It is a mystery to most insiders, too. Water once overflowed from Lake Okeechobee to spread out over the Everglades in a vast, moving sheet that formed the all-important brackish zone along the coast.

This sheet of shallow water moving across the southernmost tip of the U.S. mainland became the life stream of a host of natural wonders ranging from shrimp to sea cows, from snow-white egrets to flaming-pink roseate spoonbills, from gaily colored tree snails to alligators and from an endless sweep of tough saw grass to dainty wild orchids, which festoon massive mahogany trees.

It was to protect these and other wonders that 500,000 acres of the watery land was set aside in 1947 as the Everglades National Park. This was less than a generation ago, and in that short time impairment of the park has become increasingly evident. Shifts in nature are usually slow, but in recent years specialists have become aware of dwindling bird populations, changes in the flora and other evidence that something is wrong They know that the increasing periods without water have eliminated many of the millions of minnows and frogs that were the food of tens of thousands of wading birds. It shocks even the most casual visitor to see water being pumped from wells into holes to provide a stopgap habitat for wildlife.

Now many of these visitors are writing to ask what has happened to the water. This is a hard question for park personnel to answer. It is even harder for them to explain why that big, earthen

continued



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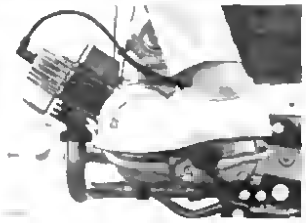




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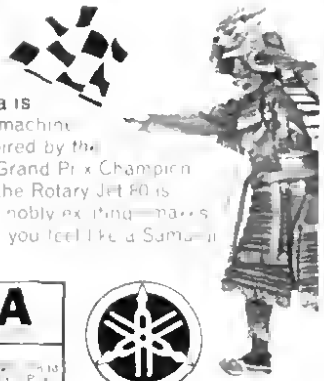
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dike north of the Tamiami Trail is keeping water out of the park. There is an entire shelf of heavy volumes devoted to explaining the various components of the huge flood-control complex. All the park people can say is that when Congress set up the flood-control project it specifically included a provision that water needs of the park would be recognized. Agriculture, industry and communities are getting their share—but the park is not.

As the water has receded, alligators have become concentrated at remaining water holes, attracting after-dark poachers—who get $6 or more a hide—and necessitating more ranger patrols. The low water level also makes life easier for flower snatchers. Plant collectors of a type not above filching a rare orchid can get in to the plants and out again with less chance of apprehension.

Most of our national parks have suffered from threats of one kind or another, but in its young life the Everglades has had more than its share. It has suffered from drought and fires, and in 1960 Hurricane Donna flattened big areas of mangrove forest. The park can take these natural threats in stride, but the man-made threats are harder to meet.

While struggling to get a share of water from the north, another threat is developing on the other side of the park. A proposal has been made to build a highway across the mouth of Florida Bay from Big Pine Key, north of Key West, to Flamingo, the visitors' center in the park. Conservationists say that if the loss of fresh water from Lake Okeechobee harms the area, the closing of the other side with a road embankment would finish it. Civic groups and conservation organizations are fighting this project on the ground that it would turn the bay into a briny, fishless basin.

Everybody seems to agree, in principle, that the park should have a share of that Flood Control District water. It is hoped that while the long study continues changes in the interim schedule will be made—starting with next year's dry season—that will bring a heavier flow into the parched Everglades, which cries for water, and not into the deeps of the Atlantic Ocean, which has plenty.

Since its beginning, the National Park Service has never lost a park. Some of those most concerned say that, in view of the combination of dangers, it could happen in south Florida. **ENO**



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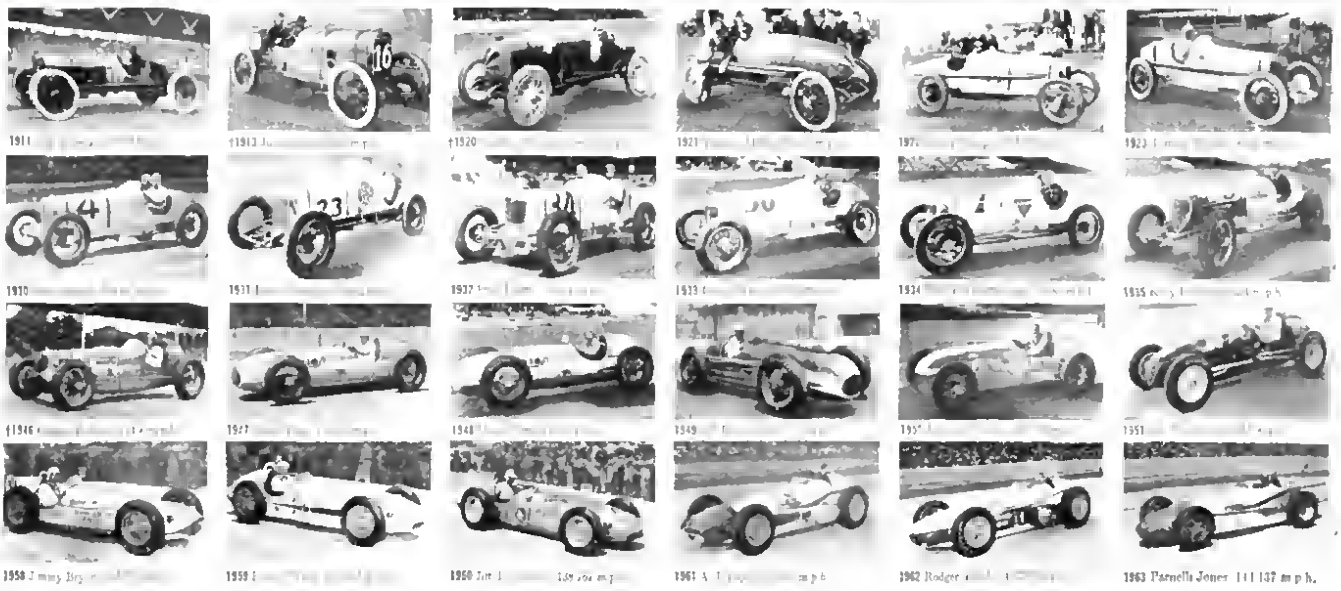
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1924 [illegible]



1925 [illegible]



1926 Peter Lenhart, [illegible] m.p.h.



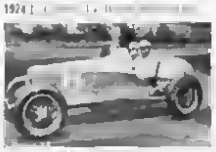
1927 George [illegible]



1928 Louis [illegible]



1929 [illegible]



1930 [illegible]



1931 [illegible] 95.58 m.p.h.



1932 [illegible]



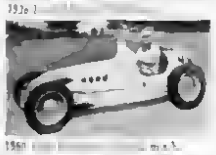
1933 [illegible]



1934 [illegible]



1935 [illegible] Davis [illegible] m.p.h.



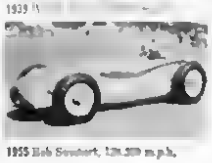
1936 [illegible] m.p.h.



1937 [illegible] 124.74 m.p.h.



1938 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



1939 Bob Swanson, [illegible] m.p.h.



1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.



1941 Floyd Davis, 115.035 m.p.h.



1942 A. J. Foyt, 147.350 m.p.h.

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Now I tell you, mate, we all tempt fate
when we dive beneath the sea,
For a man is a fool to break the rule
that nature meant to be. . . .

—GARONER YOUNG

THEIR BUSINESS IS GOING UNDER

BY GILBERT ROGIN

I am reclining uneasily on the sandy bottom off Athol Island, 18 feet down, in what Gardner Young calls "the shallow depths," unduly aware of my loud, exalted inspirations and expirations. By my elbows little transparent fish hop about like grasshoppers, unaccompanied by Disney musicians. Before me is the reef and its numerous, brilliant population; behind me the great, empty, shrouded hall of the sea. Its floor, thinly planted with turtle grass, slopes predictably into the dark. There I behold the head of a large fish, perhaps a jack, magnified by refraction, protruding, like Punch between the curtains, from the gloom, regarding me, withdrawing. If I were to turn and swim forward, girdled with 10 pounds of lead to keep me from rising, a tank of compressed air on my back, a regulator enabling me to breathe, a mask allowing me to see, wearing rubber fins to facilitate my progress, the darkness would recede by exactly as much as I advanced, so that I would be continually illuminated, but I would not know where I was going or, looking futilely back, where I had come from; and, because the bottom of the sea is largely barren and uniform, without points of reference, I would undoubtedly lose my way. I feel the above (the below!) fairly approximates life, how we make our way, necessarily encumbered and groping, and this is why, perhaps perversely, I prefer the monotonous plain, where a solitary tulip shell slowly marches on its single foot, to the reef, from which I derive no fear or comfort. The diversions of the reef, its beauty, have been sufficiently described, but they are, in a way, illusory; a piece of coral chipped from a head is literally stinking when brought to the surface. Likewise, the fish are diminished and grow pale before they die, but beyond the reef the bitter interior of the sea prevails, extending, relevant and reminiscent, even in my dreams.

Would Gardner Young class me with psychiatrists who, he contends, make the world's worst diving pupils? "They are not out for a good time," he says. "They want an experience."

Gardner, his wife Doris, and their partner, Charley Badeau, own and operate Underwater Tours, Ltd. of Nassau in the Bahamas, whose business it is to teach tourists how to scuba dive in hotel pools—where they may come across such sunken treasures as a rusty bow from a pair of sunglasses—and then to take them out in "the big water" to poke about reefs. Among UT's six soft-sell *continued*

Nassau skin-diving guides Gardner and Doris Young tread water beneath the stern of their "houseboat," Merry Hell.
NEIL LEIFER

instructors is a young chap named Caius St. George, whom it is my ambition to introduce to Cassius Clay, so I can say, "Caius meet Cassius." Another is Rodney Brears, a hairdresser and pilot from Nottingham. "Where they shot the arrows," says Rodney, who feels that flying and diving are related, in that they both allow one to be alone. Gardner once shot a crossbow underwater. In a film called *Warlords of the Deep*, which has not yet been released, he played, alternately, a member of Captain Nemo's crew and a Gill Man. "The problem with the Captain Nemo suit was that I couldn't see out of it," Gardner says. "The problem with the Gill Man suit was that I couldn't breathe. The Nemos are supposed to shoot the Gill Men with crossbows, but some jackass made the arrows out of wood, so they flew straight to the surface."

Scuba lessons à la Young take around an hour, and are called check-outs. "Most people are opposed to taking anything called lessons," Doris explains. Obviously, in an hour, one is not going to learn Henry's Law, or Ditching the Equipment, but you do find out how to clear your mask and regulator and how best to pop your ears. Says Gardner: "We do not approve of taking you out on the reef, as others do, and saying, 'This is a regulator, this is a pair of fins, down you go, lots of luck.' You're not apt to enjoy the trip that way."

Underwater Tours picks you up at your hotel in a Volkswagen bus, after having first called your room to make sure you've gotten up, and drives you over to the boat for the 20-minute trip to the reef, where it assigns buddies, straps you in self-inflating life vests and diving gear, helps you onto the diving platform and then, as each pair of divers, accompanied by an instructor, descends, says, "Lots of luck."

There are usually two reef trips daily, and the boat can accommodate as many as 10 divers. There is also room for 10 snorkelers and glass-bottomed-barrel lookers. Rates are $25 for the pool check-out and the first reef trip, including gear, air and coffee, and $20 for each subsequent trip, with the fourth being free. Snorkelers and lookers pay $10 a trip. UT also rents outboards, cylinders, regulators, etc. to experienced divers, but *no* spear guns.

Learning how to scuba dive under the Youngs' exceedingly soothing direction is somewhat easier than learning how to ride a bicycle, and even little old ladies from Dubuque can do it. In fact, a little old (and mighty plump) biology teacher from Texas did do it. "I put 10 pounds of lead in that woman's hand," says Gardner, "and the top of her head was dry. It took 22 pounds to sink her, but she was as happy as a clam. She had a net bag and a hammer and she collected coral samples. I'm sure that after she checked out the Royal Victoria had to fumigate her room, because of the lingering aroma of her samples, and I'd hate to have had to pay the overweight on her baggage."

You barely have to know how to swim in order to dive, but it is helpful if you do not have too lurid an imagination, and, of course, you cannot be afraid to put your head underwater. Actually, it's a big help not to have too many fears, atavistic or otherwise. Take me. I'm a strong swimmer, but I'm a coward. Every shred of seaweed I collide with feels like the hide of a hammerhead shark. When I was swimming off the Nassau Beach Hotel, where my room overlooked a beautiful parking lot, I encountered an enormous blue jellyfish, gently writhing. It had some curious markings on it: "Warning—to Avoid Danger of Suffocation Keep Away from Babies and Children. Do Not Use in Cribs, Beds, Carriages or Playpens. This Bag Is Not a Toy." On the other hand, while the Youngs were in New York for an appearance by Doris on *To Tell The Truth*, Gardner happened to be standing on a subway grating when, with a terrible roar, a train passed below. "He jumped eight feet in the air," says Doris.

Underwater Tours hasn't lost anyone yet. Indeed, it claims it is the first in its field to fully insure its clientele. Each lunger (UT's word, not mine, thank God) is covered by Lloyd's of London with a £25,000 accident policy. The closest call was with one customer who surfaced, palpably choking. Gardner took the man's regulator out, pushed up his mask and, as a matter of course, pounded him on the back. His false teeth came flying out; they had slipped and lodged in his throat. "We had 100 divers down from the Atlantis Divers Club of Chicago," Gardner says. "There were two accidents. One diver fell off a scooter and one was bitten by a dog in front of a police station."



On his way home from school, Doris Young's son Ole leaps from the dock to the deck of the Merry Hell.



From the shade of the Underwater Tours booth at the Nassau Beach, Doris (center) drums up some skin-diving trade.

Although authenticated shark attacks in the Bahamas are extremely rare, Gardner avoids those reefs that are occasionally sharky. The UT brochure reads, rather coyly, "The abundance of fish . . . is one of the reasons the Bahamas are so safe for skin diving. . . . The few predatory fish that do wander in are so well fed, they merely glance at people and swim on for more succulent fare." As a further safeguard, an instructor, whom the Youngs call a guardian angel, hovers over every two divers, watching their bubbles, and descending from time to time to indicate a point of interest, such as Old Bad Eye, the world's only trained moray eel. Bad Eye is a four-foot spotted moray that lives on Cannon Reef. (Cannon Reef is so named because Charley Badeau dragged a cannon off a nearby wreck and hauled it to the reef to romanticize it, much the way aquarists put toy deep-sea divers in their tanks. Charley figures this is legitimate because he never took the cannon above the surface. A chef at the Balmoral Club, who dives in his spare time, once discovered one of Charley's transitory cannons where he had left it overnight. The following day there was a piece in *The Nassau Guardian* describing the sensational new find.)

Gardner taught Bad Eye to swim through a hoop and take a sardine from the hand. Alas, one day, four of Bad Eye's relations joined him for lunch. Gardner got rid of the sardines. "It was a rolling ball of morays," he recalls. "My hand had no business in there. The next day, Bad Eye came up from the bottom and hit my fin. He was irritated because I was late with the chow." The trained moray eel act closed.

Once the novice diver has overcome his entirely reasonable fears, he has to get accustomed, after all those years of grown-ups telling him not to breathe through his mouth, to breathing through his mouth. This is not as hard as it sounds, because if you do not breathe through your mouth you cannot breathe. The whole trick, they keep telling me, is to relax but, I keep telling them, who can relax topside, even? "Just relax," Gardner says. "Don't become so involved with the equipment that you don't enjoy yourself." But he has to add, ominously, "You're in an alien element. Physically, you have no right to be there. You are dependent on your equipment and your knowledge. You *imagine* these things, you *know* these things; both ways you arrive at the same point—apprehension. You never relax completely underwater unless you're in a control situation, which is what you're in when you dive with us on the reef. Whatever trouble we have with our tourists occurs on top. Usually, the mask starts to fill, they forget how to clear it, they surface, begin treading water, take their mask off, their regulator out and become spastic. The worst thing you can do is take your mouthpiece out when you're learning. We catch them under the arm and talk to them until they get organized.

"But when you're not in a control situation, you must

continued

never relax your vigil, your innate sense of caution. Those who relax are not the pros or the beginners, but those in between. This sport is as safe or as dangerous as you want to make it. Don't crowd it. You have the chance to make very few errors. I don't believe the average sport diver should go any deeper with gear than he can free-dive—certainly no more than 40 feet. If I have nothing to do I go diving, but over 100 feet I dive for money. Going down isn't what counts. It's coming up that counts."

Gardner Dutton Young III, that vast, kindly, taciturn and wholly competent man, has been described, by someone whose life he saved, as a tanned, fat Commander Whitehead. Gardner is 36, goes about 240 and is 6 feet 1 in his bare feet, which is what he is usually in, partly because that is his mood and partly because most of his toes were broken in an automobile accident and were never set—he had not been expected to live. There is a skein of truly Websterian horror that runs through the lives of both Gardner and Doris, some of which I will omit for, beyond stating that it exists, it would serve no good purpose to detail it. Gardner wears a beard for much the same reason he does not wear shoes; there is a scar on his chin from the accident, and his doctor told him that if he insisted on working outdoors he would have to shield it from the sun. He does not wear a mustache because if he did his mask wouldn't seal. He is dark from the sun and from half of his blood, his mother being of Portuguese descent. As a consequence, he frequently spouts "old Portuguese expressions," *e.g.*, "He who cooks on hibachi on dock, get hose ready." Gardner's father was lost on Lake Erie in 1930 while in command of a Coast Guard cutter chasing rumrunners; male Youngs have not died in bed for four generations. From Port Clinton, Ohio, where Gardner was born, his family moved to Maine, eventually settling in Gloucester, Mass., where he worked on the docks and on fishing boats. Gardner went to Boston University, class of '53, threw the hammer, wrestled, was a guard on the football team and graduated *cum laude* with a B.S. in public relations. Having learned how to dive with surplus rebreathers while a marine at Parris Island, he then became a commercial diver, working for marine railways and insurance adjusters and diving for lost propellers and lobsters (he has free-dived 100 feet and gone down 279 with gear); sailed to the Bahamas as a mate on a charter schooner, was a hand on a snapper boat on the Campeche Bank, and taught scuba and ran the pool at the Lauderdale Beach Hotel in Florida. Later he got a similar job at the British Colonial in Nassau, where one day a "dizzy broad," as Gardner puts it, came to give a swimming lesson and he *tried to throw her out.* "I'm big and easy," says Gardner Young, "but I'm not very couth."



Fifteen feet below the surface off Athol Island, Gardner and Doris feed the reef fish from a can of sardines.

"What's his claim to fame?" asked the ejected Doris Olson, soon to become Young, a good-looking and unalterably cheerful blonde. Says Gardner, years later, "How can she go to bed smiling, wake up smiling?" Says Doris, "I'm a grinner. Ole [her 5-year-old son] is a grinner, too. It irritates the hell out of him." Doris, who is 32, was born in Miami, raised in Asbury Park, N.J., and has welded gas lines 65 feet below the surface. "I was always in or on water," she says, "even if it was frozen. My first letter home was, 'A crab bit me toe.' I need water. I don't believe I could live away from it. I like the feeling of it. I like the sound of it. I like living on a boat, where I can hear it trickling by my ear at night. It gives you an awareness of life, of the shift in weather. It's a great big tranquilizer." Doris' father, who was a cabinetmaker, built her an aquaplane and her first pair of water skis. As a teen-ager Doris iceboated, sailed and buzzed around in speedboats; she was a semiprofessional roller skater until she got water on both knees; she clammed, crabbed, fished for eels through the ice and was a synchronized swimmer; fishermen flipped her quarters for recovering lures snagged on jetties; she was good with tools, engines and at finishing wood, and she slalom-skied from Atlantic City to New York in 11 hours. "I wasn't much on setting my hair," says Doris.

She subsequently went to Fairleigh Dickinson and Columbia and became a dental hygienist, was a Powers model, was in the line at the Copa, reached the final 12 in the Miss Rheingold contest of 1953 and was Miss Seafood, Miss Elks, Miss Sports Car, Miss Creampuff, Miss Home-arama and Miss Reese Peanut Buttercup.

continued

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"I was Mr. Sonofabitch at Maggie Wallace's tavern in Gloucester a few years running," says Gardner. "That's a great gin mill."

Doris, who taught skin diving in Miami before moving to Nassau, can free-dive 40 feet. She could do 80 until her left lung was removed in 1963. Doris has also had peritonitis, polio and a double hernia operation. "Take her clothes off, and she looks like the road map of New Jersey," says Gardner, who, according to Doris, has acquired 18 new scars since they have been married. When she had peritonitis, Doris was down to 62 pounds, had a 107° temperature and was buried in ice. "I felt like I was a cocktail," she says. "For a long time after that I couldn't listen to ice tinkling in a glass. Like Gardner, I've had a second chance in life. How many people do you meet that make their money the way they want, live the way they want to live? Very few."

The Youngs were married in the garden of a friend's house, while said friend was in Fox Hill, the Nassau jail. The magistrate who had sent the friend up performed the service. Gardner found their wedding rings in a lump of coral —once, evidently, a jewel box—20 feet down. It had attracted his attention because of its squarish edges; nature is generally a rounder. The rings are miniature gold belts with buckles, made in England, circa 1820.

Says Doris: "Gardner knew I was trouble when he saw me walking through the palm trees at the British Colonial. He goes for skinny, green-eyed blondes."

Says Gardner: "A lean horse for a long race."

Says Doris: "After our first date, he said, 'Will you come home and help me pump out my bilge?' A little later he said, 'You're a bad-headed broad.' I said, 'That's me.'"

Home, Youngdom, as they say, is what Gardner calls a "yawl-rigged houseboat." She is the *Merry Hell*, a 48-foot Herreshoff yawl, built in 1902. The *Merry Hell* is tied up at the Nassau Yacht Haven bow to stern with their diving boat, the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, named after Blackbeard's ship. She is a 38-foot Chesapeake dead rise which, except for the diving platform, looks like a Down East lobsterer. Over the companionway on the *Queen Anne's Revenge* is a bronze plaque, reading. "Oh, God, Thy sea is so big and my boat is so small." Gardner salvaged it from the wreck of the *Blue Smoke*, a big yawl that sank in 50 feet of water off the Nassau lighthouse.

In addition to Underwater Tours, Ltd., the Youngs and Charley Badeau have a company called Underwater Engineering, Ltd., which is the only commercial diving outfit in the Bahamas. Among UE's more recent jobs were repairing the cistern at the Coral Harbour Club and blowing up the *O.K. Service #4*, a cargo ship that ran aground on Mayaguana Island with 120 tons of dynamite, much of which had turned to jelly in the sun. Gardner has a color photograph of himself and Ray Moore (who does the deep diving for UE and played some flanker back for the Baltimore Colts before breaking his collarbone) standing on the tilted deck, which is coated with gray slime. Charley, who can free-dive as many feet as his age—56—and who more or less heads up UE, is a graduate of Rutgers and an optical engineer. He says, without a blush, that he came to the Bahamas because he couldn't stand the rat race in New York. Charley has been seen in an ascot, and vacationing schoolmarms frequently ask him to repair their cameras.

The other members of Youngdom are Ole, who sleeps in his bathing suit in the fo'c'sle, can free-dive 12 feet and drags a bedraggled *toy octopus* around as a Linus blanket; Krov, Ursula, Don and Waldo, the turtles, Krov named for Yehudi Menuhin's son, a friend and fellow diver, and Ursula after Ole's first girl friend; Gunner, a green Hispaniola parrot named for Blackbeard's cannoneer, whose vocabulary consists of "go to hell," "rum and beer," and, when he falls overboard, "Gardner, help!" "He doesn't fly extremely well," says Doris. Gunner has been known to climb the mainmast, however, Doris going up after him in the bosun's chair, pleading "Sweet Gunner, come to Mommy,"

continued

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and down the main halyard he comes, squawking, in a paper bag.

The *Merry Hell*'s cabin was finished by Doris, who also did most of the Formicaing and built the narrow bookcase that holds a potted philodendron and works ranging from the *Blaster's Handbook* to *Film Form* and *The Film Sense* by Sergei Eisenstein. The main feminine touch below is Doris' collection of antique pots and pans, which remind Gardner of his threat to sell the boat to the Mystic Museum.

The Youngs usually dine beneath an awning in the cockpit, Gardner listening to the stirring score from *Victory at Sea* on a tape recorder that is secured in the bottom drawer of the drawer locker, and regarding Ole with surpassing love. "Ole Olson," Gardner said the other night, "couple more years, you and I'll go over the Hill [the native section of Nassau] and storm a few saloons."

The *Merry Hell* got its name from one of the 375 ballads Gardner has written, mostly on cocktail napkins, often with a spoon, few of which exist in fair copy. Sometimes, when he is hoisting a martini with a double olive (he has been informed he once drank 28 of same at a single sitting, which I tell him is not *that* impressive because the second olives displaced, over 28 glasses, significant amounts of martini) or working on a bottle of Thompson Bros. Pineapple Rum, Grown and Bottled in Gregory Town, Eleuthera, Gardner will be moved to recite the 34 verses of *Reckless Red O'Shay*, which begins:

Cold sober broke, and that's no joke,
we sailed from Tarpon Bay,
Me and a bum who loved his rum
named Reckless Red O'Shay.
We sailed her out and came about
to run Exuma Sound.
Just me and Red and both half dead
halfway to Duncan Town. . . .

George Thompson, of Thompson Bros., is, among other things, the mayor of Gregory Town and a friend of the Youngs, and it is a true compliment when Gardner refills his glass with George's rum and says, "No one else would dare make it."

The *Merry Hell* is a phrase in a ballad entitled *The Great Mahogany Shoal*. This one gets under way:

Uncork the rum and pour me some
for I drink to a wasted soul,
A man gone down, a sailor drowned
on the Great Mahogany Shoal . . .

It goes on to describe the plight of a sailor "born to be hung and made just to raise merry hell," who floundered on the Great Mahogany Shoal.

"And this is it, the reef I hit,"
swore the alcoholic tar.
"Goddamn it, lad, but I was had
by this long, mahogany bar."

In addition to this great body of moral balladry, Gardner has composed a book of swimming instructions entirely in rhymed couplets ("Don't kick so stiff, loosen up some. Relax your legs and it will come / Put a little bend in your knee Not too much, now listen to me") and has written a treatment for a movie, *Under Pressure*, which will be filmed in Nassau. "It's about a mad-type scientist who gets this guy so he can breathe water supersaturated with oxygen," says Gardner. "In time, he can breathe under water, period. But, in the process, he turns into a monster. I play the monster, all covered with slime and weeds, my face contorted, wearing special contact lenses so I can see under water. I don't play the hero who starts out and gets monstrified—he's a young, pretty guy. At any rate, the monster is misunderstood. He tries to contact his girl friend. He is chased because he is a monster. The mad-type scientist attempts to kill my girl friend. I kill him and expire, because I can't breathe out of water. Next year, *Son of Under Pressure*."

Gardner is already plotting still another movie. This one takes place in the future, when there are only two labor unions left in the world—the round union and the square union. The round union consists of workers involved with round or rounded objects, the square union consists of workers involved with square or squarish objects. The round union goes on strike, see

The Youngs' film activities come under another of their companies, Nassau Producers, Ltd. Usually, Gardner and

continued

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[illegible]

his divers work as grips for movies being shot in Nassau, but they are often obliged to take considerably more intimate roles. For instance, in *Thunderball*, the new James Bond film, Gardner and Charley portray Spectre road guards. "The producer was stuck for a couple of villains," Gardner says. "Being villains all the time is going to ruin our image. Anyway, I'd rather work on the bottom, where all the director can say is, 'Glub, glub.' "

Indeed, last year, Gardner, Doris and David Gonin, another UT instructor, did a Timex commercial 15 feet down off Rose Island, which was filmed in 10-second takes so the actors could get air from their safety men. The commercial opens with Doris standing on the ocean floor before a mirror, putting on lipstick and checking her wristwatch. She is wearing a fiber-glass wig since it is the only kind of hair that will stay in place under water and huge lead heels so Doris will stay in place. Lead weights were sewn into her dress to keep it from floating over her head. Next, David comes by, piloting a two-man sub. Doris takes a turtle by a gold leash and joins David in the sub. "The turtle kept wanting to go up for air at the wrong times," Doris says, "and David kept crashing the sub into coral heads. You can't see down there." Doris and David then drive to Le Club, where they sit at a table and Gardner, a waiter dressed in wing collar, vest and Bermuda shorts, fills their glasses with champagne, or tinted carbon tetrachloride, which can inflame one's skin, as the entire cast shortly discovered. Doris and David next toast one another. "We were supposed to click glasses," Doris says, "but we kept zooming by each other." At the close, Doris checks her watch once more, while many little fish look on—the watch band had been smeared with sardine oil.

Gardner has also herded big groupers for a Camel commercial, repeatedly tackling them and hauling them back when they swam out of camera range, but his most exacting roles were in *Help!*, the second Beatles movie. For one, he had to save Ringo's life repeatedly. Ringo, who doesn't swim, was required to jump off a boat into 20 feet of water, where David and Neville Cartwright, the captain of the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, lurked, disguised as sharks. Each time the director shouted "Cut," Gardner would swim over and rescue Ringo. "He's a game little guy," says Gardner.

Gardner's major contribution to *Help!*, however, was raising an 18-foot, 1,200-pound fiber-glass idol from the bottom of the sea, while Ringo is staked out on the beach surrounded by the Italian army, or something like that. Gardner first heard of the idol, which he came to call, with some affection, Big Mother, when the producer approached him and said, "We have a prop. It is a large idol that must rise majestically from the sea."

The producer told Gardner its weight and height, and described it as a Buddha. When Big Mother arrived, Gardner discovered she was a Hindu goddess with 10 arms. "Her weight was all in her head," he says, "and she had all those arms waving around in the breeze. My calculations had been for a folded-arm Buddha." She was sunk, a raft built under her and 55-gallon drums located at each corner were simultaneously flooded with compressed air. "Big Mother starts to rise," Gardner recalls. "She breaks the surface. She falls flat on her back. She sinks ignominiously to the bottom."

A crane raised Big Mother by her head, but while she was dangling in midair, all save the head fell back into the ocean, her arms snapping off as they hit the surface. "Big Mother was spread all over the bottom," says Gardner. Ultimately, using block and tackle and three drums at each corner of the raft, Big Mother rose with the requisite majesty.

The night before I composed my dubious metaphors off Athol Island, Gardner, Doris and I had supper at the Green Shutters on Parliament Street. Gardner had spent the day in the UT office. Doris asked him how business was. "One hundred and three people came in," he said. "Twenty-five wanted to know the whereabouts of the dockmaster, 25 the whereabouts of the ladies' room, 25 wanted me to call them a cab, 25 wanted to know how's fishing and

continued

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Far be it from the Jantzen International Sports Club to suggest that you can *surf* in one easy lesson. What you can do is the tango: follow the footprints, run up to the nose to hang ten. John Severson, club surfing pro and publisher of SURFER magazine, has on the tough cotton twill surfing trunks, about $6.95. Terry Baker (left) is wearing the nylon jacket and quick-drying nylon trunks; jacket about $10.95, trunks about $7.95. Frank Gifford is wearing the new stretch denim surfing trunks, for about $6.95, and a fleece-back knit jacket for about $5.95. Bobby Hull, of the Chicago Black Hawks, is up front. Get your authentic Jantzen International Sports Club surfing gear where you see the slogan:

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three inquired about skin diving. I'm seriously considering closing the skin-diving business and opening a bar. Old Portuguese expression—never put all your sardines in one net."

In 1961, when the Youngs and Charley founded UT, things were even tougher. Once, when they had scraped up enough money to buy a compass, Charley and Gardner, in Doris' absence, drained the alcohol out. "When I came home," said Doris, "they were out of their foolish little minds." And many a time Gardner resorted to plaiting palm hats, a trade he learned from a Polynesian dancer in Fort Lauderdale, to make ends meet. "They sold for $5; with a bird on top, $6," he said. "One day I earned $100." "I was thinking of buying me a raft," said Doris, "packing a lunch of peas and rice, sailing to the beach, selling Father's hats, and the hell with the diving business."

After dinner we drove over to the Nassau Beach Hotel, where Gardner and Doris had to take part in the weekly water show. "Don't talk me into any comedy dives, Mother," Gardner said. "I'm not going to be able to find the pool." Doris' act consisted of riding on the shoulders of the water-skiing instructor as he skied across the 20-yard pool while holding a hawser that was being towed by Gardner and some mutinous Nassau Beach help. My notes for the rest of the night are in very large handwriting, and seem to consist of the many passions of Father Young. He is against wanton spearfishing, for instance, saying, "I have personally smacked every large grouper from Sandy Cay to Green Cay on the behind with a spear gun in the hope that they'll be a little smarter next time." He is for more government spending on underwater research, saying, "A man can step out into space, but he can't go down 600 feet! By God, they could increase the usable portion of the earth by over a third." He is against certain New York seafood restaurants, saying, "Doris and I ate in one that had a sign on the wall that read, IF IT COMES FROM THE SEA, WE HAVE IT. If they had had conch, I'd have ordered sponge."

Later, en route from one saloon, where I learned that it was "Love, love alone, that forced King Edward to leave the

continued

Zoom in on the fast life



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Zoom in on the sporting life



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ARTHUR KAHN [illegible] fabric of 5[illegible] Avril [illegible] cotton. Cut [illegible] in [illegible] colors. Priced at $8.9[illegible] At Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; [illegible] Stephen Yerkes, Des Moines; Wasmuth, Indianapolis; Bi[illegible]

throne," to another, which was closed. I recall Gardner growling in the dark, "I don't come this way often, but I leave big tracks."

The next morning, while Doris was giving a swimming lesson to the infant son of Kevin McClory, one of the producers of *Thunderball*—McClory standing on his balcony overlooking the Nassau Beach pool, roaring, "I want my son to *swim*!"—I was on the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, in the company of lungers and snorkelers, bound for Athol. A ground swell had closed down most of the reefs, but Gardner knows of hundreds of diving spots, and unless the weather is stinking, he can always put his tourists over the stern on one reef or another.

So, here I am, having a staring contest with a squirrel fish, 18 feet down, growing cold and old. This fish is exactly where it was yesterday, and, no doubt, the day before that, suspended, motionless, just off the bottom, sheltered by a coral overhang. Its enormous eye keeps changing color. One of Gardner's verses goes through my mind:

It seemed to say in its own dumb way,
just what are you doing here.
Something is wrong, you don't belong,
and your fins and bubbles seem queer.

Gardner descends and, since I am low on air and fresh out of philosophy, we rise together. In the boat I ask him what he had been looking for. "I was just looking," he says. "What for?" I ask. "Once in a while I see something new," he says. "Like what?" I say. "The other day I saw a yellow tube worm," he says. "It was pure yellow, like a pansy. I had never seen a yellow tube worm before." He looks around at the still surface, upon which several snorkelers are floating. "Where are all my little chickens?" he asks and, taking up a horse conch, blows several mournful notes. "What else have you seen?" I ask him. He tells me that once, in the deep moors off Andros Island, he saw a tremendous gray shape sliding through the sea 100 feet below. I ask him how big it was. He says the boat he stood on was 86 feet overall, and it was bigger than that. "What did it look like?" I say. "It was just a shape," he says. "What was it?" I ask. Gardner says he doesn't know. **END**



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BASEBALL'S WEEK by MARK MULVOY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Double trouble confronted LOS ANGELES (4-3) Pitcher Don Drysdale. Three of Don's brood mares were about to foal, and he was scheduled to start against St. Louis, which had won seven straight. Less than two hours later Drysdale was rushing back to his Hidden Hills, Calif. ranch after beating the Cardinals 2–0 on one hit (Curt Flood's infield single on the game's first pitch) and singling himself to start the Dodgers' decisive eighth-inning rally. "I felt the best I had all year," Drysdale said later. "My only thought was that I must not try to overpower the batters, because then I might start to force the ball." Four days later Don stifled Milwaukee with 12 strikeouts and pushed L.A.'s first-place lead to three games. The 6-foot-6 right-hander pitched seven complete games in his first 12 starts and had an 8-3 record. He also had 12 hits in 33 at bats for a .364 average. Lou Johnson and Ron Fairly were Drysdale's principal support. Johnson went 2 for 3, and Fairly doubled home both runs against St. Louis. Against Milwaukee, Johnson had two homers and four RBIs, while Fairly singled home another run. Despite their strong position, the Dodgers were still looking for offensive vigor and reactivated Coach Jim Gilliam. Shortstop Andre Rodgers of PITTSBURGH (7–0 and a 10-game win streak), bitter because Chicago "traded me for a minor leaguer," beat the Cubs twice with a 6-for-9, four-RBI splurge. Recovered from a spring-training injury, Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski tightened what had been an error-prone infield. Roberto Clemente, another convalescent, had four hits in one game against the Mets to lift his average over .300 for the first time. Said Manager Harry Walker, "I never thought we could lose eight straight, and I never thought we could win 10 straight." Pitchers Dick Farrell and Bob Bruce and Outfielder Jim Wynn revived HOUSTON (4-3) after the Astros had lost 15 of 18. Gene Oliver of MILWAUKEE (4-3) feared he might become a "voodoo doll with a baseball in my head" after he was hit twice and knocked down several times. Shrugged Oliver, "I've got to expect it, batting behind Mack Jones and Joe Torre." Jones and Torre each hit three home runs during the week. ST. LOUIS (3-4) suffered a three-day case of claustrophobia, losing three straight under the Dome after winning 8 of 9 outdoors. Bob Gibson's eight-game winning streak was snapped by the Dodgers. "I'm not hopeless yet," said Pitcher Jim O'Toole of CINCINNATI (2-5) after he received several St. Jude (the patron of hopeless cases) medals. Then he allowed three runs and four hits in one-third of an inning to swell his earned run average to 7.15. Cynical PHILADELPHIA (3-4) fans were chanting "Let's Go Mets" as the Phils lost a doubleheader to New York. Dick Stuart was benched again. Frowned Manager Gene Mauch, "I told Stu to sit here and help me manage." Warren Spahn and Frank Lary won for NEW YORK (3-5), but both were rocked in their next starts. George Altman of CHICAGO (2-5) beat his former Met teammates with a two-run homer in the 10th inning. Willie McCovey's clutch hitting and tight fielding picked up SAN FRANCISCO (4-3). Dick Schofield took over at shortstop, fielded and hit well enough to help put Jim Davenport on the bench.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"Never on Sunday" was the DETROIT (5-1) theme for May. The Tigers lost nine games, including four doubleheaders, on Sunday last month. "The Lord knows where we'd be with just a split in those doubleheaders," said Bob Swift, who turned the manager's job back to Charley Dressen on May 31 after, naturally, a Sunday loss. Cleveland Manager Birdie Tebbetts commented that the Tigers "could win the pennant with fine pitching," then saw Hank Aguirre and Mickey Lolich toss successive two-hit shutouts against his Indians. Joe Sparma had a shutout for eight and two-thirds innings before New York's Roger Maris homered. MINNESOTA (5-1) offset spotty pitching during the week with a .311 team batting average, 13 home runs and slick double-play work to move into first place. Jim Grant gave up four homers to the Red Sox, but the Twins hit five and crashed 20 hits to win 17–5. Jerry Kindall sparkled at bat, also in the field. Camilo Pascual was kayoed early once, then came back to shut out the Senators. Coming out of a fearful slump, Dick Radatz struck out 16 batters in six and two-thirds innings over four games to boost BOSTON (3–2). "I've got it back," growled the Monster. Said Carl Yastrzemski, talking about Radatz' earlier difficulties, "If Dick had been right, we'd be in first place or darn close to it right now." Dave Morehead and rookie Jim Lonborg won again. Brooks Robinson of BALTIMORE (4–5), playing with an aluminum splint on his fractured thumb, a protective sponge taped to his bat and a bad shoulder, still beat the Angels with a two-run double the night he returned to the lineup. Ex-Indian Pedro Ramos told CLEVELAND (3–3) writers, "The Indians look good, but Tebbetts'll ruin them—just give him time." Sam McDowell fanned 13 Tigers and led the AL with 84 strikeouts. Pitching Coach Early Wynn was hospitalized with a duodenal ulcer. WASHINGTON (3–5) pitchers had only one complete game (Phil Ortega) all season. After more KANSAS CITY (1–3) losses, a writer quipped: "At this stage of the season there appear to be only four cinch 20-game winners: Bob Gibson, Juan Marichal, Don Drysdale and the Athletics." Opponents learned they could run on the A's rookie Catcher Rene Lachemann. George Brunet of LOS ANGELES (3–5) two-hit Baltimore, but Dean Chance lost his fourth straight. Jim Fregosi and Joe Adcock helped with key hits. NEW YORK (2–4) continued to wallow in eighth place despite the return of Roger Maris. CHICAGO (2–4) lost its firm grip on first place when both the pitchers and hitters faltered in their run to the pennant.

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Mays, SF (.356)	38	19	57
Pinson, Cin (.335)	33	24	57
Banks, Chi (.305)	23	33	56
McCovey, SF (.338)	30	24	54
J. Alou, SF (.330)	34	16	50
Harper, Cin (.291)	35	15	50
Robinson, Cin (.256)	27	23	50
Allen, Phil (.321)	31	18	49
Flood, StL (.320)	31	16	47
Rose, Cin (.310)	40	6	46
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Kaline, Det (.292)	26	21	47
Aparicio, Balt (.266)	26	21	47
Oliva, Minn (.246)	26	21	47
McAuliffe, Det (.342)	34	12	46
Versalles, Minn (.274)	28	18	46
Howard, Wash (.260)	19	26	45
Mantilla, Bos (.341)	15	29	44
Ward, Chi (.306)	26	18	44
Yastrzemski, Bos (.304)	28	16	44
Green, Bos (.265)	35	9	44

Based on statistics through Saturday, May 29

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



DON DRYSDALE

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING BILLY WELU of St Louis became the second ABC Masters champion to successfully defend his title when he built ahead through the losers bracket and gained 778–735 and 832–782 victories over Don Ellis of Houston in the finals

BOXING Heavyweight Champion CASSIUS CLAY defending his title for the first time, knocked out Challenger Sonny Liston with a swift, hard right in the first two minutes of their scheduled 15-rounder at Lewiston, Me. (*Story, page 22*)

World Flyweight Champion SALVATORE BURRUNI of Italy, fighting for the first time since he won the title from Pone Kingpetch in Thailand last month, knocked out Francisco Perez Bedoncos of Spain in the eighth round of a scheduled 10-rounder at Livorno, Italy

GOLF Australia's BRUCE CRAMPTON became the first to win three tournaments on the PGA tour this season when he shot a 279 to finish one stroke ahead of Jacky Cupit and Lionel Hebert in the $87,000 Speedway Festival Open in Indianapolis

CHARLIE WARD, 53, former British Ryder Cup player, won the British Senior Golf Tournament and qualified to meet Sam Snead for the world senior title July 4 in Lancashire, England. Ward shot a 66-73-71 for a 54-hole total of 210 to edge another Ryder Cup player, Dai Rees, by two strokes

HARNESS RACING Undefeated BRET HANOVER ($2.20) guided by Frank Ervin made the $15,800 Commodore Pace at Roosevelt Raceway his 27th straight victory as he defeated Adios Vic by three fourths of a length in track-record time for 3-year-old pacers of 1:59 2/5

BIG JOHN ($16.40), runner-up in last year's Hambletonian to Triple Crown winner Ayres, sparked the little bay's 1965 debut by taking the first leg of the $112,910 Harness Tracks of America Trot at Roscroft in Oxon Hill, Md.

HORSE RACING Entered late by her owner, Howell L. Jackson, who paid a $7,500 supplementary fee, CORDIALLY ($12.50), ridden by Braulio Baeza, missed out When A Treat to win the $97,200 Mother Goose, the second leg of New York's Triple Crown for Fillies at Aqueduct. Ground Control, the winner of the Acorn (first part of the filly series), finished fifth

MOTOR SPORTS For the third year in a row, GRAHAM HILL of Great Britain won the Monaco Grand Prix for Formula I cars as he drove his BRM over the 195-mile course at an average speed of 74.34 mph in 2:37:39.6. Italy's Lorenzo Bandini, driving a Ferrari, finished 1 minute and 4 seconds behind Hill, while Scotland's Jackie Stewart came in third in a BRM. World Champion John Surtees of Britain ran out of fuel on the last lap

JIMMY CLARK of Scotland won the Indianapolis 500 at record average speed of 150.686 mph. Parnelli Jones finished second, ninkle Mario Andretti third

NED JARRETT of Camden, S.C., driving a 1965 Ford, whisked into the lead on the 176th lap of the 200-lap, 100-mile NASCAR Grand National stock car race at Shelby, N.C., and breezed home 22 laps ahead of runner-up Bud Moore of Charleston, S.C. Three days later Jarrett won the 100-mile NASCAR Grand National at Darlington, S.C., for his sixth Grand National victory this season

TENNIS Five times a finalist at Wimbledon, Hale Australia and Forest Hills, Calif., never a winner, FRED STOLLE finally earned his first major championship by taking the all-Australian men's singles final of the French championships in Paris. After a disastrous first set in which he made 36 errors, Stolle rallied to defeat Tom Roche 3-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1. Australia's LESLEY TURNER won the women's singles with 6-3 and 6-4 upset victories over last year's finalist, Margaret Smith, also of Australia

Sweden's JAN ERIK LUNDQUIST defeated Bill Davis, Cypress, Roger Taylor 9-7 and 6-4 on the Leeds lawns to win the men's singles title of the Surrey tennis championships. CHRISTINE TRUMAN of England took the women's title with 7-5 and 6-1 victories over Rita Bentley, also of England

TRACK & FIELD At the California Relays, two men's world records were set by the same men minutes established the old ones. RALPH BOSTON leaped 27 feet 5 inches in the broad jump to better his year-old mark by three fourths of an inch, and HAL CONNOLLY of Santa Monica, Calif., schmeltzed to conceded the hammer throw record to 233 feet 2 inches, exceeding by 1 inch, 4 inches the 231 foot, 10-inch mark he set three years ago. Boston [illegible] 16th and final jump. Connolly on his fourth [illegible]

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY (Baton Rouge, La.) equaled the world mile relay record set by Arizona State in 1963 with a 3:01.5 clocking. Freshmen Robert Johnson 47.3, Anthony Gates 46.1, Ernest Mann 46.0 and junior Theron Lewis 45.1). JIM RYUN, the 18-year-old schoolboy from East Wichita, Kans., was forced to run a 3:58.1 mile his fastest ever, to win that event by inches from John Gavin, 21, a former San Jose State half miler, who finished with an identical time. Jim Grelle was third and Josef Odlozil, Czechoslovakia's Olympic 5,000-meter titlist, fourth, both in 3:58.2. Another teen-ager, 17-year-old RICHMOND FLOWERS JR. of Montgomery, Ala., strutted a field of veterans with a winning 13.9 in the 120-yard high hurdles. RON CLARKE of Australia ran the race's fastest two mile (8:32.0), and in the 440-yard hurdles REX CAWLEY bettered by 3/10 of a second his old meet mark of 51.5

MIKE COLE collected 13 points in the broad jump and dashes to lead MARYLAND to its first ICAA outdoor track-and-field championship, and break Villanova's five-year hold on the title. Maryland, with Cole finishing first in the broad jump and second in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, gained 46 points at the New Brunswick, N.J., meet. Villanova, the winner seven of the last eight years and favored once this year, 52 other entrants, was close behind with 41. Meet records were set by Maryland's RUSS WHITE in the javelin throw (241 feet ½ inch), JOHN BAKKENSEN of Harvard in the discus (176 feet 8 inches), LARRY TURNELL of St. John's in the three-mile run (13:50.6), and BILL NORRIS of Illinois College in the 3,000-meter steeplechase (9:16.3), while Harvard's TONY LYNCH equaled the meet mark in the 440-yard hurdles (51.5)

RANDY MATSON, Texas A&M's record-holding shotputter (70 feet 7 inches), won his event with a 66 foot ½-inch heave at the Southern Federation Championships in Houston, Texas. He attributed his subpar performance to the weight he lost studying for final examinations the last two weeks. "Usually I throw at 250 pounds," Matson said. "In Houston I only weighed 245 to 248."

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: The American Hockey League's Most Valuable Player, Center ART STRATTON of the Buffalo Bisons, who led the league in scoring with 109 points the past season. RAY CULLEN, a 23-year-old center for the Bisons, was selected as the AHL's Rookie of the Year.

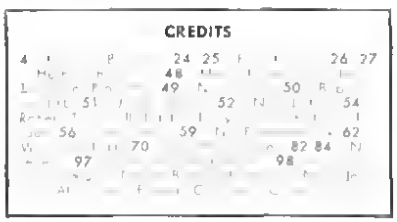
SOLD: By Baltimore Orioles Chairman of the Board JOSEPH IGLEHART, his majority stock (about 64,000 shares) in the club to Orioles Treasurer Zanvil Krieger and the National Brewing Co. The sale gave National, whose president Jerold Hoffberger is a Baltimore director, controlling interest of the Igleheart also the owner of approximately $1.7 million worth of Columbia Broadcasting System stock when CBS bought the Yankees last year ($1 May 24) will be replaced at the next Baltimore board meeting on June 11.

TRADED: By the Chicago Bears fullback RICK CASARES, 31, and Place kicker BOB JENCKS, 23, to the Washington Redskins in exchange for Tackle BILLY MATTSON, 26, and Center FRED HAGEMAN, 27. Casares, a 10-year veteran in the NFL, holds the Chicago Bears' ground gaining record with 5,657 yards on 1,386 carries

TRADED: By Detroit Red Wing General Manager Sid Abel, who had said he would shake up his NHL championship team. Defenseman AL LANGLOIS and RON HARRIS along with Edwards PARKER MacDONALD and BOB DILL ABOUGH to last place Boston in exchange for Forward AB McDONALD and Defenseman BOB MCCORD and KEN STEPHANSON. It is the Red Wings' second move or deal in two weeks

DIED: Outfielder EARL WEBB, 65, the major league record holder for most base hits in one season, in Johnstown, Tenn. Webb, who hit 67 doubles for the Boston Red Sox in 1931, compiled a .306 lifetime batting average over seven major league seasons with five different teams

DIED: The coach of Texas A&M's 1939 national championship team, HOMER NORTON, 69, of heart attack, in College Station, Texas. Norton, whose record at Texas A&M was 82-53-9 for 14 seasons (1934-1947), led the undefeated Aggies (10-0) into the 1940 Sugar Bowl where they shellacked Tulane 14-13 on All-American fullback John Kimbrough's two touchdowns. The next two years Norton's Aggies played in the Cotton Bowl and split their two games



FACES IN THE CROWD



RAYMOND BOSTOCK, 23, who makes his living carrying coal in Wakefield, carried a 112-pound sack of it three-fifths of a mile in a record time of 6 minutes 6 seconds in the world championship race held in Gawthorpe, Ossett, Yorkshire, England



MAREN SEIDLER, a 13-year-old from Atlanta, set a National AAU age-group record in the 6-pound shotput at the AAU Junior Olympics meet in Columbia, S.C. Her toss of 46 feet 6 inches bettered by 6 feet 4½ inches the old mark set by Susan Williams of Covina, Calif.



DON ARDINGER, of Gettysburg (Pa.) College, won the 100-yard dash and the 220 at the Middle Atlantic Conference Championships and a week later took the 100 in 9.4 and the 220 in 20.9 at the NCAA Atlantic Coast Regional Small College Meet



GRETCHEN VOSTERS, of the Friends School in Wilmington, won the girls' singles title at the Delaware Interscholastic Tennis Championships (without losing a game) and the Middle States Tournament, each for an unprecedented fourth year



FRANK JONES of Middletown, Ohio, broke 500 consecutive targets in a marathon shoot (one event in one day) in Middletown, Ohio, the first 500 in a single event in the history of trapshooting. The previous record (499) was set in 1931 and was equalled several times



STEVE ARLIN, a sophomore right-hander from Lima, Ohio, pitched the entire 10 innings of a 4-3 Ohio State victory over Michigan for his sixth Big Ten win without a defeat and his 10th in a row after an opening loss to Arizona State. Arlin struck out 13 batters

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SNAKE OIL

Sirs

Tex Maule—bless his empty head—has done it again (*Cassius to Win a Thriller*, May 24). Tyro Tex, certainly the worst prognosticator in the history of sport, picks Clay to beat Liston on the basis of "common sense."

Please note the postmark on this letter—May 21. Next Tuesday night, in Lewiston, Me., Liston will *destroy* his weaker, louder, younger opponent simply because he is a lot tougher—physically *and* mentally—than Clay will ever be.

PAUL DAVENPORT

Williamsville, N.Y.

Sirs

I have this day bet next week's paycheck on Sonny Liston.

A. H. GRAVES

Toledo, Ohio

● Too bad (*see p. 221*). ED.

Sirs

Perhaps John Underwood's head was in a cloud of eastern smog when he called Shelby, Mont. a "snake-oil town" (*Big Fight Moves to Small Town*, May 17). Actually, we take our oil in crude millions of dollars worth. As a matter of fact, accumulative oil production in dollars in the Shelby area since 1923 has run well over $300 million and we're still going strong. Not bad for a "snake-oil" town, huh? Moreover, when we put on a fight we feature professional boxers—not a couple of loud mouth clowns—as you can see by the enclosed ticket (*below right*). At the time of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight Shelby had a population of less than 1,500 people, but it promoted the bout and raised all the money by itself. The fight wasn't handed to us on a silver platter, like the Lewiston fight.

JOHN F. KAVANAGH

Shelby, Mont.

VIVA VEECK

Sirs

Much thanks to SI for allowing Bill Veeck to go on week after week and show the bungling "high finance" that is ruining a game "what used to was fun."

His articles clearly show an authoritative, basic and clean approach to the problems facing the national pastime. Baseball needs all the Bill Veecks it can find.

JACK CZAJKOWSKI

Cleveland

Sirs

No one since Judge Landis and Babe Ruth has done as much for baseball as has the great Bill Veeck. Just ask the fans in Chicago, Cleveland and even St. Louis.

MIKE MAIKOWSKI

Neptune, N.J.

Sirs

As a desert baseball fan, I am faced with the prospect of driving 500 miles to see the Dodgers or watching baseball on TV. And what do we have on TV this year? On Saturdays ABC brings us a game each week. And on Sundays I and my friends can watch the Yankees on TV, that is, when they are playing in Yankee Stadium. When they are on the road we get nothing. Thanks to the CBS stranglehold, we are blessed with Yankee baseball, or nothing. Of course, this is eighth-place baseball at its best, so I suppose things could be worse. But not much.

RUSSELL HANSEN

Tucson

Sirs

Speaking of the owners, what gives with them anyway? Don't they realize that what's good for baseball is also good for their bank balances? If baseball is just another business, as it certainly appears to be (excluding the Chicago Cubs, of course), then why not run it as such? Until recent years, baseball has had things pretty much its own way when it came to competing for the entertainment dollar, not so anymore, however. Now the average sports enthusiast has many outlets of diversion toward which to turn. If baseball's going to be one of them, the owners are going to have to wise up and provide a product that's worth the price of admission. Baseball hasn't changed one iota since the turn of the century, but the price of a seat has. In this respect the majority of the owners seem to have only one shortsighted concern: money and lots of it. As a result, baseball is rapidly becoming a colorless sideshow. Unless it changes its ways and attitude, the day isn't far off when baseball will run out of cities in which to perform.

BRAD PALMER

Mason City, Iowa

Sirs

I am sure that the opposition will simply say, "Let's forget it," "Let it pass," "No one is listening," etc. But until his accusations, implications and suggestions for the betterment of baseball are answered, and evidence to the contrary is given, baseball fans will believe what Veeck says.

HARRY GRABSTALD, M.D.

New York City

NEW CREW

Sirs

Your article on the Notre Dame crew (*Up a Muddy River*, May 24) is indicative of the growing interest in rowing that is taking place on college campuses throughout the country. It should be noted that the trend is rapidly gaining enthusiasm and support even in areas east of South Bend, Ind., for example, at Wesleyan, Canisius, Villanova and Holy Cross.

I was, therefore, surprised that very little mention was made in your issue of the Eastern sprints regatta held at Lake Quinsigamond last week, and that no mention at all was made of Northeastern University's very commendable victory in the Dad Vail Regatta two weeks ago. This is Northeastern's first year in crew as well. The development of crew at Holy Cross, as at Notre Dame, is taking place in spite of many obstacles. We, too, tasted defeat (eventually losing five shirts per man over the course of the season). We hope that your support of rowing will continue and be expanded in future issues. It is also our hope that Notre Dame may come far enough east to meet us in actual competition.

WILLIAM R. AHMUTY

Co-captain, 1965 Holy Cross Crew

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs

If recognition is to be given for enthusiasm and team spirit in overcoming lack of equipment, official sanction, financial support and general inexperience, it is difficult to ignore the Crusader Crew from Holy

continued



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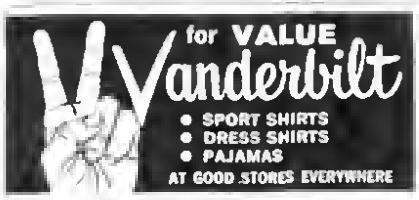
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Cross. Facing the same problems as Notre Dame, we of the Crusaders lost many regattas against opponents far superior, but what is of primary importance is the fact that we won the novice varsity class in New York's Metropolitan Intercollegiate championships against teams such as Canisius and St. Peter's, who had beaten Notre Dame.

ROBERT J. FISSLER

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

I speak for both Holy Cross and Wesleyan when I say to Notre Dame: "If you are exhausted after rowing a sprint for 1.35, we would be more than happy to race your crew on your own terms, either here, at Lake Quinsigamond, or on the St. Joe in South Bend."

A. PAUL JOHNSON

Worcester, Mass.

MISSIONARY SPIRIT

Sirs:

I wish to thank the Editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for including my name in the FACES IN THE CROWD feature (May 17, 1965) for having reached the summit of Point Lenana on Mount Kenya.

However, I would like to point out that many adventurous people have managed this climb. What was notable was the fact that seven young Kikuyu girls were able to make the ascent. I must add that they were accompanied not merely by me but also by Miss Monique Boudreau, a fellow teacher at St. Cecilia's from Montreal, and that we were all under the leadership of Father Peter Davoli, an Italian Consolata missionary, who has climbed the mountain many times.

Please call your readers' attention to these facts, since I feel that full tribute should go only to our African students, who had never experienced such cold and fatigue or seen snow and ice before. We who climbed with them were there only to add moral support and encouragement.

JURATE KAZICKAS

Nyeri, Kenya

SNAKE BIT

Sirs:

I am certain that Carroll Shelby will be the first to disagree with Author Coles Phinizy's statement that "Shelby's dream machine is the first U.S. sports car *produced* in any volume that both looks and acts the part" (*Snakes, Butter Beans and Mister Cobra*, May 17). It is, indeed, the first sports car *assembled* in the U.S. using American ingenuity (Texan Shelby) and American engineering ability (Ford). But credit must not be taken for the British imported frame and body (A. C. Cars, Ltd.).

COUNT DARLING III

Andalusia, Ala.

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Bubble Gum Bursting at Second

Johnny Keane, Al Lopez and the other major league managers needn't come whining to me about their problems. Does Keane have to stop a game and run out to tie his shortstop's shoelaces? Has Lopez ever tried to get bubble gum out of the hair of a base runner who tried to slide into second base while blowing a bubble? These are routine for the manager of a Little League team. I can show you the scars.

One day a spring or so ago I let it be known at a playground in my neighborhood that I was available as a manager, and within a week I was given a team. It was called the Indians, *because* we wore white T shirts with a mopey-looking Indian on the back. A green cap made up the rest of the uniform.

At our *first* tryout I found my ballplayers standing around in their uniforms, pounding their fists into their gloves. But most of them wore the gloves on their throwing hands. I told one boy to hustle out to second base. With a puzzled look in his big brown eyes, he asked, "Where's second base?" It was an omen of the season ahead.

The very first game showed up the flaws in our signal system. When one of my Indians, about the size of Yogi Berra's shin guard, reached first base, I flashed the signal for him to steal second. (For a signal I used the cunning device of removing my green cap.) The pitch came in, but the runner stayed where he was. Once more I signaled. The base runner shouted loud and clear across the diamond: "Do you want me to steal second base?"

But in our anarchic way we Indians managed to win some games. By midseason we were, so help me, in first place. Then disaster struck. It was vacation time, and six of my best players were spirited away by their parents to lake and seashore. No one was left who in any way resembled a pitcher. I decided to make a hurler out of my second baseman, Davey. He was a sandy-haired 8-year-old who looked like Nellie Fox with bubble gum instead of tobacco. He

continued



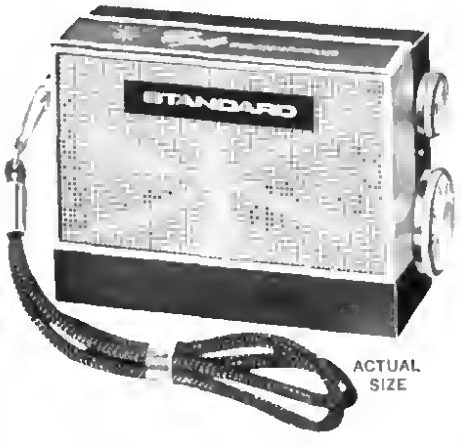
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Bubble Gum Bursting continued

could throw the ball almost hard—but only for 30 feet. Unfortunately, in Little League the pitcher's mound is 46 feet from home plate, and first bounce doesn't count.

In his pitching debut Davey gave up 26 bases on balls, and we were trampled 32–9.

Even with my best players available, coaching was not without problems. My star pitcher was Butch. His fast ball was good, but you never knew where it was going. When Butch was pitching, the only safe place in the ball park was the middle of home plate. Butch had another control problem—his temper. When he was losing, he was about as sweet as Leo Durocher at an umpires' clinic. He even copied some of Leo's mannerisms and became the first player in the history of the league to be kicked out of a game for cussing at an umpire. As Butch left the field, he stopped just long enough to deliver a hard kick to the shin of the man in blue.

When my regular players came back from that summer vacation we roared into the game with the Beagles. It was for the league championship. We were leading 11–10 in the third inning when a Beagle player slapped a grounder to my third baseman, who darted to his left, scooped up the ball and threw it high over the first baseman's head. There was a large hubbub, and the batter wound up on third base. I was concentrating on the play when I felt someone tug at my arm.

"I wanna play second base," a small voice said.

Trying to ignore the interruption, I glanced vacantly around the field. I snapped to my senses when I looked toward left field. It was empty. Suddenly I recognized the voice at my side. It was my left fielder. While I stood there wondering just how Dr. Spock would tell his left fielder to get back on the field, I heard the sound of a bat meeting a baseball. I looked back on the field in time to see a shiny white ball skip into the far reaches of left field as two Beagle runners skipped across home plate.

Somehow I retained my sanity, and the Indians went on to win the championship by scoring 10 runs in the last inning to win 21–20. As a reward I got to coach one of the Little League all-star teams. Or is reward the word I'm fishing for?

—RONALD SHAFER



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